Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

Vanity of Vanities, saith the preacher, all is Vanity.—Eccles. i. 1 v.

When first I did entrance
The glory and the flame,
Which Daniel's mighty theme could give,
And Israel's sacred name
I thought I'd be most blest,
Of all the sons of men;
But oh, how soon I sighed for rest
And loneliness again
My people asking counsel,
As empires and my throne,
Gave much of anguish with renown,
And care to fellow cares.
I said I hop'd to find
Relief from every pain,
And comfort to my aching mind,
But all my hopes were vain.
My heart then to relieve,
Upon wisdom did apply,
Learning to understand its nature,
And all that causes have
But in this vanity I find,
My heart the never can quell;
And when searching all, I found
As nothing will prevail.
When pleasure I employed,
To banish's mystic hire,
The name of these that I enjoy'd,
But made me sigh the more.
Of mortal things there's none
Can give felicity;
Perfect all things beneath the sun,
And found them vanity.

L. K.

Last Passages from the Diary of a Physician.

THE THUNDER-STRUCK.

CONCLUDED.

While I was sitting beside Miss P——, I heard my youngest boy come down stairs, and ask to be let into the room. He was a little fair-haired youngster, about three years of age; and had always been an especial favourite of Miss P——'s her "own sweet pet," as the poor girl herself called him. Determined to throw no chance away, I beckoned him in, and took him on my knee. He called to Miss P——, as if he thought her asleep; patted her face with his little hands, and kissed her. "Wake, wake!—Cousin Aggy—get up!" he cried, "Papa say, he time to get up!—Do you sleep with eyes open?—Eh!—Cousin Aggy?" He looked at her intently for some moments, and seemed frightened. He turned pale and struggled to get off my knee. I allowed him to go; and he ran to his mother, who was standing at the foot of the bed, and hid his face behind her.

I passed breakfast time in great apprehension—expecting the two arrivals I have mentioned. I knew not how to prepare either the mother or the betrothed husband for the scene that awaited them, and which I had not particularly described to them. It was with no little trepidation that I heard the startling knock of the general postman; and with infinite astonishment and doubt, that I took out of the servant's hands, a letter from Mr. N——, for poor Agnes! For a while I knew not what to make of it. Had he received the morning express I had forwarded to him; and did he write to Miss P——? Or was he unexpectedly absent from Oxford when it arrived? The latter supposition was corroborated by the postmark, which I observed was Lincoln. I felt it my duty to open the letter. Alas! it was in a gay strain; unusually gay for N——; informing Agnes that he had been suddenly summoned into Lincolnshire, to his cousin's wedding—where he was very happy—both on account of his relative's happiness, and the anticipation of a similar scene being in store for himself! Every line was buoyant with hope and animation; but the postscript most affected me.

"P. S. *The tenth of July*, by the way—my Aggy! *is* it all over with us, sweet Pythoness? Are you and I at this moment on separate fragments of the globe? I shall seal my conquest over you with a kiss when I see you. Remember, you parted from me in a pet, you naughty one! and kissed me rather coldly. But that is the way that your sex always end arguments, when you are vanquished!"

I read these lines in silence!—my wife burst into tears. As soon as I had recovered a little from the emotion occasioned by a perusal of the letter, I hastened to send a second summons to Mr. N——, and directed it to Lincoln, whither he had requested Miss P—— to address him. Without explaining the precise nature of Miss P——'s seizure, I gave him warning that he must hurry up to town instantly; and that even then it was to the last degree doubtful whether he would see her alive. After this little occurrence, I could hardly trust myself to go up stairs again and look upon the unfortunate girl. My heart fluttered at the door, and when I entered, I burst into tears. I could utter no more than the words, "poor, poor Agnes!" and withdrew.

I was shocked, and indeed enraged, to find in one of the morning papers, a paragraph stating, though inaccurately, the nature of Miss P——'s illness. Who could have been so unfeeling as to make the poor girl an object of public wonder and pity? I never ascertained, though I made every inquiry, from whom the intelligence was communicated.

One of my patients that day happened to be a niece of the venerable and honoured Dean of ——, at whose house she resided. He was in the room when I called; and to explain what he called "the gloom of my manner," I gave him a full account of the melancholy event which had occurred. He listened to me till the tears ran down his face.

"But you have not tried the effect of *music*—of which you say she is so fond! Do you not intend to resort to it?" I told him it was our intention; and that our agitation was the only reason why we did not try the effect of it immediately after the galvanism.

"Now, Doctor, excuse an old clergyman, will you?" said the venerable and pious Dean, laying his hand on my arm, "and let me suggest that the experiment may not be the less successful with the blessing of God, if it be introduced in the course of a religious service. Come, Doctor, what say you?" I paused.

"Have you any objection to my calling at your house this evening, and reading the service appointed by our church for the visitation of the sick? It will not be difficult to introduce the most solemn and affecting strains of music, or to let it precede or follow." Still I hesitated—and yet I scarce knew why. "Come, Doctor, you know I am no enthusiast—I am not generally considered a fanatic. Surely, when man has done his best, and fails, he should not hesitate to turn to God!" The good old man's words sunk into my soul, and diffused in it a cheerful and humble hope that the blessing of Providence would attend the means suggested. I acquiesced in the Dean's proposal with delight, and even eagerness; and it was arranged that he should be at my house between seven and eight o'clock that evening. I think I have already observed, that I had an organ, a very fine and powerful one, in my back drawing-room; and this instrument was the eminent delight of Miss P——. She would sit down at it for hours together, and her performances would not have disgraced a professor. I hoped that on the eventful occasion that was approaching, the tones of her favourite music, with the blessing of heaven, might rouse a slumbering responsive chord in her bosom, and aid in dispelling the cruel "charm that deadened her." She certainly could not last long in the condition in which she now lay. Every thing that medicine could do, had been tried—in vain; and if the evening's experiment, our forlorn hope, failed, we must, though with a bleeding heart, submit to the will of Providence, and resign her to the grave. I looked forward with intense anxiety—with alternate hope and fear—to the engagement of the evening.

On returning home late in the afternoon, I found poor Mrs. P—— had arrived in town, in obedience to my summons: and heart-breaking, I learnt, was her first interview, if such it may be called, with her daughter. Her shrieks alarmed the whole house, and even arrested the attention of the neighbours. I had left instructions that in case of her arrival during my absence, she should be shown at once, without any precautions, into the presence of Miss P——; with the hope, faint though it was, that the abruptness of her appearance, and the violence of her grief, might operate as a salutary shock upon the stagnant energies of her daughter. "My child! my child! my child!" she exclaimed, rushing up to the bed with frantic haste, and clasping the insensible form of her daughter in her arms, where she held her till she fell fainting into those of my wife. What a dread contrast was there between the frantic gestures—the passionate lamentations of the mother, and the stony silence and motionlessness of the daughter! One little but affecting incident occurred in my presence. Mrs. P—— (as yet unacquainted with the peculiar nature of her daughter's seizure,) had snatched Miss P——'s hand to her lips, kissed it repeatedly, and suddenly let it go, to press her own hand upon her head, as if to repress a rising hysterical feeling. Miss P——'s arm, as usual, remained for a moment or two suspended, and only gradually sunk down upon the bed. It looked as if she voluntarily continued it in that position, with a cautioning air. Methinks I see at this moment the affrighted stare with which Mrs. P—— regarded the outstretched arm, her body receding from the bed, as though she expected her daughter were about to do or appear something dreadful! I learned from Mrs. P—— that her mother, the grandmother of Agnes, was reported to have been twice affected in a similar manner, though apparently from a different cause; so that there seemed something like a hereditary tendency towards it, even though Mrs. P—— herself had never experienced any thing of the kind.

As the memorable evening advanced, the agitation of all who were acquainted with, or interested in the approaching ceremony, increased. Mrs. P——, I need hardly say, embraced the proposal with thankful eagerness. About half past seven, my friend Dr. D—— arrived pursuant to his promise; and he was soon afterwards followed by the organist of the neighbouring church—an old acquaintance, and who was a constant visiter at my house, for the purpose of performing and giving instructions on the organ. I requested him to commence playing Martin Luther's hymn—the favourite one of Agnes—as soon as she should be brought into the room. About eight o'clock the Dean's carriage drew up. I met him at the door.

"Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it!" he exclaimed, as soon as he entered. I led him up stairs; and, without uttering a word, he took the seat prepared for him, before a table, on which lay a Bible and Prayer-book. After a moment's pause, he directed the sick person to be brought into the room. I stepped up stairs, where I found my wife, with the nurse, had finished dressing Miss P——. I thought her paler than usual, and that her cheeks seemed hollower than when I had last seen her. There was an air of melancholy sweetness and languor about her, that inspired the beholder with the keenest sympathy. With a sigh, I gathered her slight form into my arms, a shawl was thrown over her, and, followed by my wife and the nurse, who supported Mrs. P——, I carried her down stairs, and placed her in an easy recumbent posture, in a large old family chair, which stood between the organ and the Dean's table. How strange and mournful was her appearance! Her luxuriant hair was gathered up beneath a cap, the whiteness of which was equalled by that of her countenance. Her eyes were closed; and this, added to the paleness of her features, her perfect passiveness, and her being enveloped in a long white unruffled morning dress, which appeared not unlike a shroud, at first sight—made her look rather a corpse than a living being! As soon as Dr. D—— and I had taken seats on each side of our poor patient, the solemn strains of the organ commenced. I never appreciated music, and especially the sublime hymn of Luther, so much as on that occasion. My eyes were fixed with agonizing scrutiny on Miss P——. Bar after bar of the music melted on the ear, and thrilled upon the heart; but, alas! produced no more effect upon the placid sufferer than the pealing of an abbey organ on the statues around! My heart began to misgive me: if *this* one last expedient failed! When the music ceased, we all kneeled down, and the Dean, in a solemn and rather tremulous tone of voice, commenced reading appropriate passages from the service, for the visitation of the sick. When he had concluded the 71st psalm, he approached the chair of Miss P——, dropped upon one knee, held her right hand in his, and in a voice broken with emotion, read the following affecting verses from the 8th chapter of St. Luke:

"While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

"But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.

"And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

"And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, *Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she rose straightway.*"

While he was reading the passage which I have marked in italics, my heated fancy almost persuaded me that I saw the eyelids of Miss P—— moving. I trembled from head to foot; but, alas, it was a delusion.

The Dean, much affected, was proceeding with the fifty-fifth verse, when such a tremendous and long continued knocking was heard at the street door, as seemed likely to break it open. Every one started up from their knees, as if electrified—all moved but unhappy Agnes—and stood in silent agitation and astonishment. Still the knocking was continued almost without intermission. My heart suddenly misgave me as to the cause.

"Go—go—See if"—stammered my wife, pale as ashes—endeavouring to prop up the drooping mother of our patient. Before any one had stirred from the spot on which he was standing, the door was burst open, and in rushed Mr. N——, wild in his aspect, frantic in his gesture, and his dress covered with dust from head to foot. We stood gazing at him, as though his appearance had petrified us.

"Agnes—my Agnes!" he exclaimed, as if choked for want of breath.

"Agnes!—Come!" he gasped, while a laugh appeared on his face that had a gleam of madness in it.

Mr. N——, what are you about? For mercy's sake be calm! Let me lead you, for a moment, into another room, and all shall be explained!" said I, approaching and grasping him firmly by the arm.

"Agnes!" he continued, in a tone that made us tremble. He moved towards the chair in which Miss P—— lay. I endeavoured to interpose, but he thrust me aside. The venerable Dean attempted to dissuade him, but met with no better reception than myself.

"Agnes!" he reiterated, in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, "why won't you speak to me? what are they doing to you?" He stepped within a foot of the chair where she lay—calm and immovable as death! We stood by, watching his movements, in terrified apprehension and uncertainty. He dropped his hat, which he had been grasping with convulsive force, and before any one could prevent him, or even suspect what he was about, he snatched Miss P—— out of the chair, and compressed her into his arms with frantic force, while a delirious laugh burst from his lips. We rushed forward to extricate her from his grasp. His arm gradually relaxed—he muttered, "Music! music! a dance!" and almost at the moment that we removed Miss P—— from him, fell senseless into the arms of the organist. Mrs. P—— had fainted; my wife seemed on the verge of hysterics, and the nurse was crying violently. Such a scene of trouble and terror I have seldom witnessed! I hurried with the poor unconscious girl up stairs, laid her upon the bed, shut and bolted the door after me, and hardly expected to find her alive: her pulse, however, was calm, as it had been throughout the seizure. The calm of the Dead Sea seemed upon her!

I feel, however, that I should not protract these painful scenes; and shall therefore hurry to their close. The first letter which I had despatched to Oxford after Mr. N——, happened to bear on the outside the words, "special *haste!*" which procured its being forwarded by express after Mr. N——. The consternation with which he received and read it may be imagined. He set off for town that instant, in a post-chaise and four; but finding their speed insufficient, he took to horseback for the last fifty miles, and rode at a rate which nearly destroyed both horse and rider. Hence his sudden appearance at my house, and the frenzy of his behaviour! After Miss P—— had been carried up stairs, it was thought imprudent for Mr. N—— to continue at my house, as he exhibited every symptom of incipient brain fever, and might prove wild and unmanageable. He was therefore removed at once to a house within a few doors off, which was let out in furnished lodgings. Dr. D—— accompanied him, and bled him immediately, very copiously. I have no doubt that Mr. N—— owed his life to that timely measure. He was placed in bed, and put at once under the most vigorous antiphlogistic treatment.

The next evening beheld Dr. D——, the Dean of ——, and myself, around the bedside of Agnes. All of us expressed the most gloomy apprehensions. The Dean had been offering up a devout and most affecting prayer.

"Well, my friend," said he to me, "she is in the hands of God. All that man can do has been done; let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence."

"Aye, nothing but a miracle can save her, I fear," replied Dr. D——.

"How much longer do you think it probable, humanly speaking, that the system can continue in this state, so as to give hopes of ultimate recovery?" inquired the Dean.

"I cannot say," I replied with a sigh. "She *must* sink, and speedily. She has not received, since she was first seized, as much nourishment as would serve for an infant's meal!"

"I have an impression that she will die suddenly," said Dr. D——; "possibly within the next twelve hours; for I cannot understand how her energies can recover from, or bear longer, this fearful paralysis!"

"Alas, I fear so too!" * * *

"I have heard some frightful instances of premature burial in cases like this," said the Dean. "I hope in heaven that you will not think of committing her remains to the earth, before you are satisfied, beyond a doubt, that life is extinct." I made no reply—my emotion nearly choked me—I could not bear to contemplate such an event.

"Do you know," said Dr. D——, with an apprehensive air, "I have been thinking lately of the awful possibility, that notwithstanding the stagnation of her physical powers, her MIND may be sound, and perfectly conscious of all that has transpired about her!"

"Why—why" stammered the Dean, turning pale—"what if she has—has HEARD all that has been said!"*

[illegible] replied Dr. D——, unconsciously sinking his voice to a whisper, "I know of a case—in fact, a friend of mine has just published it—in which a woman"——. There was a faint knocking at the door, and I stepped to it, for the purpose of enquiring what was wanted. While I was in the act of closing it again, I overheard Dr. D——'s voice exclaim, in an affrighted tone, "Great God!" and on turning round, I saw the Dean moving from the bed, his face white as ashes, and he fell from his chair, as if in a fit. How shall I describe what I saw, on approaching the bed?

The moment before, I had left Miss P—— lying in her usual position, and her eyes closed. They were now wide open, and staring upwards with an expression I have no language to describe. It reminded me of what I had seen when I first discovered her in the fit. Blood, too, was streaming from her nostrils and mouth—in short, a more frightful spectacle I never witnessed. In a moment both Dr. D—— and I lost all power of motion. Here, then, was the spell broken—The trance over! I implored Dr. D—— to recollect himself, and conduct the Dean from the room, while I would attend to Miss P——. The nurse was instantly at my side, shaking like an aspen-leaf. She quickly procured warm water, sponges, cloths, &c., with which she at once wiped away and encouraged the bleeding. The first sound uttered by Miss P—— was a long, deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her bosom of an intolerable sense of oppression. Her eyes gradually closed again, and she moved her head away, at the same time raising her trembling right hand to her face. Again she sighed: again opened her eyes, and, to my delight, their expression was more natural than before. She looked languidly about her for a moment, as if examining the bed-curtains—and her eyes closed again. I sent for some weak brandy and water, and gave her a little in a tea-spoon. She swallowed it with great difficulty. I ordered some warm water to be got ready for her feet, to equalize the circulation; and while it was preparing, sat by her, watching every motion of her features with the most eager anxiety. "How are you, Agnes?" I whispered, kissing her. She turned languidly towards me, opened her eyes, and shook her head feebly, but gave me no answer.

"Do you feel pain any where?" I inquired. A faint smile stole about her mouth, but she did not utter a syllable. Sensible that her exhausted condition required repose, I determined not to tax her newly recovered energies; so I ordered her a gentle composing draught, and left her in the care of the nurse, promising to return by and by, to see how my sweet patient went on. I found that the Dean had left. After swallowing a little wine and water, he recovered sufficiently from the shock he had received, to be able, with Dr. D——'s assistance, to step into his carriage, leaving his solemn benediction for Miss P——.

As it was growing late, I sent my wife to bed, and ordered coffee in my study, whither I retired, and sat lost in conjecture and reverie till nearly 1 o'clock. I then repaired to my patient's room; but my entrance startled her from a sleep that had lasted almost since I had left. As soon as I sat down by her, she opened her eyes—and my heart leaped with joy to see her increasing calmness—their expression resembling what had oft delighted me, while she was in health. After eyeing me steadily for a few moments, she seemed suddenly to recognize me, "Kiss me!" she whispered in the faintest possible whisper, while a smile stole over her languid features. I *did* kiss her, and in so doing, my tears fell upon her cheek.

"Don't cry," she whispered again, in a tone as feeble as before. She gently moved her hand into mine, and I clasped the trembling, lilied fingers, with an emotion I cannot express. She noticed my agitation; and the tears came into her eyes, while her lip quivered, as though she were going to speak. I implored her, however, not to utter a word, till she was better able to do it without exhaustion, and lest my presence should tempt her beyond her strength, I once more kissed her—bade her good-night—her poor slender fingers once more compressed mine—and I left her to the care of the nurse, with a whispered caution to step to me instantly if any change should take place in Agnes. I could not sleep! I felt a prodigious burden removed from my mind; and woke my wife, that she might share in my joy.

I received no summons during the night; and on entering her room, about nine o'clock in the morning, I found that Miss P—— had taken a little arrow-root in the course of the night, and slept calmly, with but few intervals. She had sighed frequently, and once or twice conversed for a short time with the nurse about heaven; as I understood. She was much stronger than I had expected to find her. I kissed her, and she asked me how I was, in a tone that surprised me by its strength and firmness.

"Is the storm over?" she inquired, looking towards the window.

"Oh yes—long, long ago!" I replied, seeing at once that she seemed to have no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed.

"And are you all well?—Mrs. ——" (my wife.) "how is she?"

"You shall see her shortly."

"Then no one was hurt?"

"Not a hair of our heads."

"How frightened I must have been!"

"Pho, pho, Agnes! Nonsense! Forget it!"

"Then—the world is not—there has been no—is all the same as it was?" she murmured, eyeing me apprehensively.

"The world come to an end,—do you mean?" She nodded, with a disturbed air—"Oh, no, no! It was merely a thunder-storm."

"And it is quite over and gone?"

"Long ago! Do you feel hungry?" I inquired, hoping to direct her thoughts from a topic I saw agitated her.

"Did you ever see such lightning?" she asked without regarding my question.

"Why, certainly it was very alarming."

"Yes, it was! Do you know, Doctor, she continued, with a mysterious air—"I—I saw, yes—there were terrible faces in the lightning."

"Come, child, you rave!"

"They seemed coming towards the world"—

Her voice trembled, the colour of her face changed.

"Well, if you *will* talk such nonsense, Agnes, I must leave you. I will go and fetch my wife. Would you like to see her?"

"*Tell N—— to come to me to-day*—I must see HIM. I have a message for him!" She said this with a sudden energy that surprised me, while her eye brightened as it settled on me. I kissed her and retired. The last words surprised and disturbed me. Were her intellects affected? How did she know—how did she conjecture that he was within reach! I took an opportunity of asking the nurse whether she had mentioned Mr. N——'s name to her, but not a syllable had been interchanged upon the subject.

Before setting out on my daily visits, I stepped into her room, to take my leave. I had kissed her, and was quitting the room, when happening to look back, I saw her beckoning to me. I returned.

"I MUST see N—— this evening!" said she, with a solemn emphasis that startled me; and as soon as she had uttered the words, she turned her head from me, as if she wished no more to be said.

My first visit was to Mr. N——, whom I found in a very weak state; but so much recovered from his illness, as to be sitting up, and partially dressed. He was perfectly calm and collected; and, in answer to his earnest inquiries, I gave him a full account of the nature of Miss P——'s illness. He received the intelligence of the favourable change that had occurred, with evident though silent ecstacy. After much inward doubt and hesitation, I thought I might venture to tell him of the parting—the twice repeated request she had made. The intelligence blanched his already pallid cheek to a whiter hue, and he trembled violently.

[illegible] you well enough [illegible] collect me?"

"No one has breathed your name to her!" I replied. * * * * *

"Well, Doctor—if, on the whole, you think so—that it would be safe," said N——, after we had talked much on the matter—"I will step over and see her; but, it looks very, very strange!"

"Whatever whim may actuate her, I think it better, on the whole, to gratify her. Your refusal *may* be attended with infinitely worse effects than an interview. However, you shall hear from me again. I will see if she continues in the same mind; and, if so, I will step over and tell you." I took my leave.

A few moments before stepping down to dinner, I sat beside Miss P——, making my usual inquiries; and was gratified to find that her progress, though slow, seemed sure. I was going to kiss her, before leaving, when with similar emphasis to that she had previously displayed, she again said—

"*Remember!* N—— must be here to-night!"

I was confounded. What could be the meaning of this mysterious pertinacity? I felt distracted with doubt, and dissatisfied with myself for what I had told to N——. I felt answerable for whatever ill effects might ensue; and yet, what could I do?

It was evening—a mild, though lustrous, July evening. The skies were all blue and white, save where the retiring sun-light produced a mellow mixture of colours towards the west. Not a breath of air disturbed the serene complacency. My wife and I sat on each side of the bed, where lay our lovely invalid, looking, despite of her recent illness, beautiful and in comparative health. Her hair was parted with negligent simplicity over her pale forehead. Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks occasionally flushed with colour. She spoke scarce a word to us, as we sat beside her. I gazed at her with doubt and apprehension. I was aware that health could not possibly produce the colour and vivacity of her complexion and eyes; and felt at a loss to what I should refer it.

"Agnes, love! How beautiful is the setting sun!" exclaimed my wife, drawing aside the curtains.

"Raise me! Let me look at it," replied Miss P—— faintly. She gazed earnestly at the magnificent object for some minutes; and then abruptly said to me—

"He will be here soon?"

"In a few moments I expect him. But, Agnes, why do you wish to see him?"

She sighed and shook her head.

It had been arranged that Dr. D—— should accompany Mr. N—— to my house, and conduct him up stairs, after strongly enjoining on him the necessity there was for controlling his feelings, and displaying as little emotion as possible. My heart leaped into my mouth,—as the saying is—when I heard the expected knock at the door.

"N—— is come at last!" said I, in a gentle tone, looking earnestly at her, to see if she was agitated. It was not the case. She sighed, but evinced no trepidation.

"Shall he be shown in at once?" I inquired.

"No wait a few moments," replied the extraordinary girl, and seemed lost in thought for about a minute. "Now!" she exclaimed; and I sent down the nurse, herself pale and trembling with apprehension, to request the attendance of Dr. D—— and Mr. N——.

As they were heard slowly approaching the room, I looked anxiously at my patient, and kept my fingers at her pulse. There was not a symptom of flutter or agitation. At length the door was opened, and Dr. D—— slowly entered, with N—— upon his arm. As soon as his pale, trembling figure was visible, a calm and heavenly smile beamed upon the countenance of Miss P——. It was full of ineffable loveliness! She stretched out her right arm: he pressed it to his lips, without uttering a word.

My eyes were rivetted on the features of Miss P——. Either they deceived me, or I saw a strange alteration,—as if a cloud were stealing over her face. I was right! We all observed her colour fading rapidly. I rose from my chair; Dr. D—— also came nearer, thinking she was on the verge of fainting. Her eyes were fixed upon the flushed features of her lover, and gleamed with radiance. She gently elevated both her arms towards him, and he leaned over her.

"PREPARE!" she exclaimed, in a low thrilling tone—her features became paler and paler—her arms fell. She had spoken—she had breathed her last. She was dead!

Within twelve months poor N—— followed her; and to the period of his death, no other word or thought seemed to occupy his mind but the momentous warning which issued from the expiring lips of Agnes P——, PREPARE!

I have no mystery to solve, no denouement to make. I tell the facts as they occurred; and hope they may not be told in vain!

For the Saturday Evening Post.

MORNING.

Awake my sweet,
The morning greet,
With the bright lustre of thine eye,
For Phœbus bright
Dispelling night,
Has tinged with gold the eastern sky.

From hill and dale
Doth nature hail,
Bright sol's returning hour;
The God of day
Assumes his sway,
And darkness owns his power.

The fragrant rose
Doth half unclose
Its young head to the fresh'ning breeze,
The morning hymn,
From limb to limb,
Re-echoes through the green leaf trees.

Then like the dove,
My bright eyed love,
Leave thou thy downy couch,—O haste,
And through the grove
We'll early rove,
And morning's balmy incense taste.

W. T. T.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

Of all the bold and gigantic works, that were ever conceived by the mind of man, that of the Tunnelling of the Thames river, is one of the most singular, and in any other age, than the present, would have been looked upon as the wild dream of a visionary enthusiast; and such is the boldness and magnitude of the undertaking, that very many well informed persons, have their doubts, whether it will ever be completed, believing that, like the tower of Babel, it will be an everlasting record of the folly and madness of man.

The entrance to the Tunnel, is nearly opposite the London Docks. You descend to the mouth, by a commodious winding stair case.—The two Tunnels for passing and repassing, run parallel with each other.

This extraordinary undertaking (originally projected by Mr. Brunel) was designed to form a subterraneous communication, under the bed of the river, from *Rotherhithe* to Wapping. It was intended that the Tunnel should be in length thirty-six hundred feet, and brilliantly illuminated ceeded four hundred and twenty feet, and while a hundred and twenty workmen were engaged below, an inundation of the river took place, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the men escaped with their lives. After a short interval, the work was again resumed; but, by a second irruption, much worse than the first, no less than six persons were hurried away at once, all of whom met with a watery grave. The works are now suspended; but that portion of the Tunnel which is finished, is exhibited daily to the public. It is kept well aired, and is lighted up with gas. To prevent any vessel anchoring near the spot, a raft has been erected at its extremity, over the river. This precaution was rendered necessary by repeated accidents.

THE UNLUCKY PRESENT.

The Rev. Mr. ——, minister of C——, in Lanarkshire, (who died with the present century,) was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the words of a well known Scottish adage, "can never see green cheese but their een reels." He was *extremely covetous*, and that not only of nice articles of food, but many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration of this assertion: Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners—a poor, lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish—Mr.—— became fascinated by the charms of a little cast iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children.—He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot. It was a perfect conceit of a thing. It was a gem. No pot on earth could match it it symmetry. It was an object altogether perfectly lovely. "Dear saked minister," said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend commendations of her pot; "if ye like the pot sa weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the manse. It's a kind o' errn, [*superfluous*] pot wi' us; for we're a bigger yen, that we use oftener, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just tak a present on't. I'll send it over the morn wi' Jamie when he gangs to the schule." "Oh!" said the minister, "I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself." After much altercation between the minister and the widow, on this delicate point of politeness it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off, then, he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article alternate in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunate, the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat; so that he became heartily tired of his burden before he got half way home. Under these distressing circumstances it struck him, that if, instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened; the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediatly upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry loose in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot in an inverted fashion on his head; where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixotte, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimension. There was at first much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a by-path to escape observation found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch, which intercepted him in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely in, or, at least *into*, the dark, as this. The concussion given to his person in descending, caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with its rim upon his neck stuck fast there; enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of new born child was enclosed by the filmy bag, with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favorite offspring. What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt on the part of its proprietor, to make it slip back again; the contracted part or neck, of the *patera* being of such a peculiar form as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothenuse. Was ever a minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contretemps* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach.

It was impossible even to cry for help. Or, if a cry could be uttered, it might reach in deafening reverberation the ear of the utterer; but it would not travel 12 inches further in any direction. To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing.—What, with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be *Death in the Pot.*

The instinctive love of life, however, is omniprevalent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might be expected from them, or what they were known to exhibit or exert under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-cosconsed minister of C——. Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at a distance of about a mile across the fields, where if he could reach it, before the period of suffocation, he might possible find relief. Deprived of his eye-sight, he could act only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could with his hat in hand.—Half sliding, over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan flounduring over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled, with all possible speed as nearly as he could guess in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith and all the hangers-on of the *smiddy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than words) the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song,

'Out came the guidman, and hish he shouted;
Out ran the gude wife, and low she lo'ed;
And a' the town neighbors where gathered about it;
And there was he, I trow?"

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to the consideration of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards like the horns of the great enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored, to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was accordingly, at his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of his release; and having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forehammer. "Will I come sair on, minister?" exclaimed the considerate man of iron in at the brink of the pot. "As sair as ye like," was the minister's answer; "better a chiel the chafts than dying for the want of breath."—Thus permitted, the man let fall a hard blow; which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed as the cook-maid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gude wife's bottle restored the unfortunate man of prayer, but assuredly the incident is one which of C——. *Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

From the London Metropolitan for August.

ANOTHER MRS. TROLLOPE!—Previous to its publication we have been favored with a sight of a very interesting work, being the "Narrative of a Tour through the United States, by a Lady; and as we perused it we could not help fancying that it was written by Mrs. Trollope herself, when in a better humor with the Yankees that she appears to have been, after a two years residence, in the country. There is a liveliness and humor running through the work, without any spice of ill nature; and we must acknowledge that many of Mrs. Trollope's observations on our transatlantic friends are fully corroborated. The following description of a party in a steamboat to Albany is very characteristic.

"I do not like New York, and I could not be tempted to live there, if I was offered the best house in the city. It was extremely hot the week we were there, and I neither liked the looks or manners of the inhabitants. The ladies walk the streets in the morning in satin slippers, their dresses over white satin slips, gauze hats as large as umbrellas, with forests of flowers waving in all directions. I went to church on Sunday, and I might have imagined myself at the Opera, rather than a place of worship: the dresses, laughing, and incessant conversation of my neighbors on every side, made devotion quite impossible; and my husband was so much disgusted, that he took his hat and walked out of the church before the service was concluded. Bishop ——, preached a confirmation sermon, which was a most excellent one; the ceremony was to take place immediately after, and the congregation were to remain for a concluding prayer; but the scene was so *animating*, and so indecorous for such an occasion, that we did not remain to witness it.

"The young persons who were to be confirmed threw off their fine hats, and crowded from the galleries to get a good place so boisterously, that it reminded me of a push to get into a theatre, to see some popular actor; and those who were to be confirmed had flowers of orange blossoms in their hair, and evinced so much concern for their looks, that it gave me more the idea of a wedding than a consecration. I was heartily tired of New York, but we could not get away under a week, and the only agreeable occurrence was a sail up the North River, in a steamboat, to a place called West Point, where there is an establishment for Cadets training for the American army, to beat the English. No scenery can exceed the beauty and magnificence of the North River, on each side. The girls were wild with delight, and even those who had been accustomed to the picturesque beauty of Switzerland, might have been gratified by the mountain scenery, which extended twenty miles, and which, I am told, increases in splendor as you advance towards Albany. The steamboat was a moving ark, and I cannot describe my sensations when it began to move, for I had no idea I was on board and thought we were in some store, when the passengers assembled in readiness to embark; and when we were really moving at the rate of fifteen miles an hour I was in dismay, and thought the wharf, stores and all had given way. You can form no idea of the size and beauty of these steamers: the one we were in was equal to an hundred and eighty horse power, and there were more than three hundred passengers on board going up to the Albany. We dined at West Point, one of the sweetest romantic spots in the world, and the return steamboat from Albany took us up and brought us back to New York, as one of the most beautiful moonlight evenings I ever saw. The cabins are fitted up with satin wood, rose wood, bird's eye maple, and mahogany: the curtains blue silk to all the berths, and the bed linen as white as snow. We breakfasted on board, and the whole party were accommodated in the eating apartment. There was every kind of meat, fish, cakes, fruit, tea, coffee and chocolate, and as good attendance as you could meet with in a London hotel. We saw more of the American manners on board the steamboat than elsewhere, as all are on a footing and pay the same fare, and therefore consider themselves entitled to say, and do, what they please. But I must do them the justice to say, with all their freedom and independence, the men are infinitely more polite to the ladies, than the *gentlemen* in England. We never moved from one side of the boat to the other, but twenty *fellows* started from their seats and placed their chairs for us, entered into conversation, which in them is not considered impudence, and we found them useful in describing the different scenes we were passing. To be sure, they were quite free and easy, and made themselves one of our party, always making a circle round us when we moved, and laughing with us, and occasionally treating us with their observations."

We have extracted sufficiently to enable the public to form some idea of this work; we shall conclude with an observation at the close, very different from the sarcasms of Mrs. Trollope.

"I *do* like the Yankees, they are hospitable and kind hearted: they make you welcome at once, without inquiring whether you are honest, as if there was a danger of losing your spoons and napkins if they invite you to dinner. Much as there is to laugh at, there is much more to commend, and if not yet arrived at that state of civilization to which we pretend, they at the same time have not y

ter several relapses, he at length sunk under his sufferings, on the morning of the 16th of May.

The dissection, which was performed by the first surgeons of the capital, proved that the sole seat of disorder was in the intestinal organs, and that the brain was in a perfectly healthy state; the developement of that organ, so eminently remarkable in M. Cuvier, was observed, though in a less degree, in M. Perier, and is fully justified by the penetrating and comprehensive nature of his talents. As an orator, M. Perier was energetic and impassioned; the natural warmth of his temper, added to the irritability produced by illness, frequently imparted a *brusque* acerbity to his style, which injured both the oratorical and moral effect of his eloquence but his reasoning was forcible, and his style commanding and effective. It is not our province to examine the merits or demerits of his political system; recorders of, not actors in, the great political struggle in which France is engaged, we have too often had occasion to quote the enthusiastic eulogiums and unmeasured invectives heaped upon him by the different parties, to render it necessary to repeat here, that he possessed the strongest proof that the reproach of mediocrity could never be applied to him; it is the attribute of genius alone to make warm friends and bitter enemies. Be this system good or bad, it will at least be allowed by his strongest opponents, that the course he adopted from conviction, he supported with unbroken energy, surrounded with obstacles of every description, opposed by ultraroyalism abroad, and ultra-liberalism at home, he opposed the single bulwark of his undaunted resolution against the waves of the factions, which—flowing from opposite corners of the horizon—united only in the attempt to overthrow and destroy him; and though he at length sunk under the mighty conflict, he lived to see his system adopted by Europe, and died before its evil consequences, if it have any, could arrive to cloud his triumph!

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

PASTORAL POETRY.

When Peggy's dog her arms imprison,
I often wish my lot was risen;
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like hern.

EASE.

Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most
Farthest retires. An idol, at whose shrine
Who oft'nest sacrifice are favour'd least.

A clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice, that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was "going to officiate for another clergyman." The clerk, as soon as the sermon was ended, rose up with all due solemnity, and called out; "I am desired to give notice, that there will be no *service* this afternoon, as Mr. L. is going a fishing with another clergyman." Mr. L., of course, corrected the awkward, yet amusing blunder.

A PLAUSIBLE ILLUSTRATION.—A country girl, who had several sisters married badly, was about herself to take the noose. "How dare you get married," asked a cousin of hers, "after having before you the unfortunate example of your sisters?" "A fudge for the example of my sisters!" exclaimed the girl with spirit—"I choose to make a trial myself. Didn't you never see a parcel of pigs rushing to a trough of hot swill? The first one sticks in his nose, gets it scalt, then draws back and squeals. The second burns his nose, and squeals in the same manner. The third follows and he squeals too. But still it makes no difference with those behind. They never take warning of those before; but all in turn thrust in their noses, just the same as if the first didn't got burnt nor squealed at all. So it is with us girls in regard to matrimony. So now, coz, I hope you are satisfied."

LONDON ATLAS.—This paper is truly a blanket sheet, measuring five feet four inches by three feet nine, containing as much matter as an ordinary novel, and is sold on Sundays at one shilling sterling each.

The residue of the estate of Madam Buonaparte, mother of Napoleon, is estimated to amount to *fifteen millions of dollars* after all the legacies are paid. This immense estate is left to the eldest in the male line of the Buonapartes, in perpetual entail. *Joseph* is the present heir.

We take the following from the *Eclaireur de la Mediterranee* of Aug. 30. "The daughter of a M. R——, residing at Lupian, being dissatisfied with the treatment of her mother in law, fled from the paternal roof, and took refuge in a convent of Grey Sisters at Lambese. For a time the attentions paid to her were so great, and her existence rendered so happy that she made a will, leaving the whole of the fortune she inherited from her deceased mother to the community. Upon this being done, the conduct of the nuns towards her became entirely changed, and she was subjected to such close confinement, and other harsh treatment, as to induce her to make a second will in favor of her father. Becoming at length satisfied that this was done with the design of obtaining an early possession of her property, she wrote several letters to her father, but they were all intercepted by the superior of the house, till, fortunately, when the last gleam of hope was on the point of extinction, a boatsman, who had been attached to the sufferer, quitted the establishment, and conveyed an account of the state of his daughter to Mr. R. He instantly hastened to the convent, and demanded to see his child, who appeared before him in the last stage of consumption, begging, with pitious tears, that he would take her with him. Her weakness was so great that he was obliged to take her in his arms to remove her. On his making the attempt, however, the superior opposed him, and, ringing the alarm bell, called around her the whole sisterhood, and some ecclesiatics attached to the establishment. Attracted by the bell, some of the inhabitants of the neighborhood also came in, and, on learning the circumstances, ranged themselves on the side of the afflicted father. A long and desperate contest ensued, but in the end the young lady was taken from a place which, in a very few days more, must have become her tomb. Depositions have since been made before the Magistrates of the place, upon which judicial proceedings against the guilty parties will be founded."

A London paper asserts, as the true reason for the determination of Charles X. to quit England, that his arrangements for liquidating a considerable debt which he had contracted at the time of the emigration, having been interrupted by the events of July, his creditors entered a prosecution against him in England, and would have obtained a judgment to take his body, in the course of November next.

LONDON POLICE.

LAMBETH STREET.—*Female Courtship.*—Miss Rebecca Sanders was brought before Messrs. Walker and Matthias, to answer the complaint of Mrs. Ann Yates, who stated that the defendant resided in the same court with her, and, what was shocking to tell, she was continually decoying her son, a young man only nineteen years of age, into her house, and a courting on him with all her might. Mrs. Yates was afraid that the defendant would lead her son astray; she, therefore, desired that she would court him no longer, on which Miss Sanders clapped her hands in her face, and declared that she would have him in spite of her. In addition to this she also threw a brickbat at her, which struck her on the leg.

The complainant, a tall meagre woman, during this recital, threw herself into a variety of strange attitudes, and made such shocking grimaces, that a Grimaldi would be puzzled to imitate, or a Cruikshank to depicture them. They had the effect of magic on the bystanders, who whenever they looked in her face, underwent an irresistible contortion of countenance, and the gravity of all was shaken, save and except that of the Bench.

Mr. Walker, having observed Mrs. Yate's movements with some attention, requested her not to make such wry faces, on which she screwed her mouth up as if she had just swallowed a dose of rhubarb, and remained in a fixed position—while

Miss Rebecca Sanders indignantly denied the whole of the complainant's statement, and declared, she "scorned the action of courting a boy, indeed!"

Mrs. Yates was about to bring forward a witness to confirm her complaint—when

Miss Sanders exclaimed, with great vehemence, "There was nobody nigh, nor by." She was requested by the office to be quiet, but she bawled out ten times louder, "it is enough to make me hang myself to hear such things."

Mr. Matthias remarked, that her violence in *this* court was a proof that she could not be very quiet in her *own* court.

The lover now seized Mrs. Yates, who "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," and shaking her head at Miss Sanders, said, "You wretch, where is the man you *transported?*"

"I never transported any man," replied Miss Sanders; and though a young spinster, her appearance seemed to vouch for the truth of that declaration.

The magistrates observed, the conduct of each party was so outrageous that it was difficult to decide in favour of either; but Miss Rebecca kindly helped their worships out of their dilemma, by informing them that she intended to leave her present residence in a fortnight; and it was then ordered that the warrant should be suspended, *in terrorem*, during that period.

The German Prince Muskau observes, in his travels—"We are greatly indebted to the distinguished American, Washington Irving, for his Life of Columbus. It is a beautiful tribute to the great navigator, brought from the land which he gave to the civilized world, and which appears destined to be the last station traversed by the ayrie of human perfectibility."

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—On Monday morning, just as day break, a lady and gentleman, both of them very fashionably dressed, and the latter bearing on his shoulders a leathern portmanteau of more than ordinary dimensions, were observed hastily proceeding along the new north-road, at the end of St. John's Wood, in the direction towards Barnet; they looked back repeatedly, and seemed apprehensive of being pursued. They passed on, and, in about ten minutes afterwards, another gentleman, much farther advanced in years than either, and in "breathless eagerness," made his appearance, following in the same direction. In a short time he was up with the fugitive party, who displayed most unequivocal tokens of the meeting being any thing but desired by them; the lady uttered a scream and fainted, or pretended to do so, and the gentleman, throwing off his burden, placed himself in an attitude of defence. He was, however, assailed by the other party, who knocked him down with a straightforward, well-delivered blow in the face, who then coolly possessed himself of the portmanteau, which he placed by the road side, with his hat on the top of it. The fallen combatant was by this time again on his legs, and both directly commenced pummeling each other most heartily. In the interim the lady had recovered from her swoon, and had quietly seated herself by the side of the portmanteau, passively waiting the issue of the contest. Three rounds were heard with downright good will, when victory at last declared in favor of the elder belligerent, who struck the other such a severe blow on the side of the head, that he was unable, for some time to rise, and, at length, was consumed to say, "Hold, enough!" The victor then took the lady under *his* arm, who, "nothing loath," walked with him back to town, he having first shouldered the portmanteau, and leaving the other the very epitome of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. This strange rencontre, we understand, originated as follows:—The lady, who is between thirty-seven and thirty-eight years of age, possessing very considerable personal attractions, is the wife of the elder gentleman in question, who is most respectably situated in life, and it seems that she had proposed to elope with the younger gentleman. Their intimacy had only existed five days, and arose, in the first instance from their being fellow passengers in the Chelmsboro coach, from which place the lady was returning home, after visiting two of her children who are at school there. She is the mother of seven children, all living, and the youngest only eight months old. The portmanteau contained the greater portion of her wearing apparel besides a considerable sum of ready money, and a quantity of trinkets, plate, &c. which she had possessed herself of unknown to her husband. Her departure was discovered a few moments after she left the house. The husband has since consented, on her promising better things in future, to restore her to his confidence and her family.—[*London Herald.*]

Evening Post.

Saturday, Nov. 10th.

Terms of this paper $2 per annum, in advance—Six months' Subscription $1 25.—No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months, nor discontinued while any arrearages are unpaid, unless at the option of the publisher.

DIVIDENDS FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

Mechanics' Bank,	4½	per cent.
Southwark,	5	do.
Farmers' and Mechanics'	4	do.
Kensington,	5	do.
Commercial,	3½	do.
Philadelphia,	3	do.
Northern Liberties,	5	do.
Schuylkill,	4	do.
Germantown & Perkiomen Turnp'e,	1½	do.
Chesnut Hill & Spring House do.	2½	do.
Frankford and Bristol do.	$1	per share.
Cheltenham & Willowgrove do.	3	per cent.

The American Coffee House, in Chesnut street, is probably the most extensive eating house in Philadelphia. The proprietor spares no expense to provide for his table all the varieties and luxuries of the season. He has constantly on hand every description of game; and we are assured by those who have indulged themselves occasionally with a woodcock or a pheasant, that his cook's are masters of the art. His arrangements throughout are liberal, and his expenses must be heavy. The encouragement extended towards his establishment should, therefore, correspond. A first rate hotel and eating house, of the character of the American Coffee House, has long been a desideratum in Philadelphia.

THE WALNUT STREET PRISON.—We understand that the following named gentlemen were on Monday last elected Inspectors of the Prison:—

City.—James Hutchinson, Thomas Harper, Samuel Palmer.

Southwark.—Joel B. Sutherland, William G. Alexander.

Northern Liberties.—Augustus Stevenson, William Brauer.

The Board of Inspectors organized the same evening by the appointment of Joel B. Sutherland, Secretary; James Hutchinson, Treasurer, John Bell; Clerk, Wm. H. Hood; Keeper of Walnut street Prison, Israel Deacon; Keeper of Arch street Prison, Jacob Reakirt.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.—A letter to the editor of the Frederick Herald, from Baltimore, states that it was currently reported there that the wife of a respectable clergyman officiating in that city, was attacked with cholera, and after a short time was supposed to have died; that she was clothed in the habiliments of the grave, when it was discovered that "the vital spark was not extinct!" Proper measures were immediately used to resuscitate her, and she is said to be in a fair way of recovery. We give the story as we received it, without vouching for its truth.

STUTTERING LETTER.—A certain old woman took from the post-office, in the town of G——, a letter. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near, to read the letter to her. He accordingly began and read—

"*Charleston, June* 23d, 1832.

"Dear mother,"—then making a stop to find out what followed, (as the writing was rather bad,) the old lady exclaimed, "O, 'tis from poor Jerry, *he always stuttered.*"

A Bostonian meeting a British officer at a coffee house in London, was told that nothing equalled St. James' Park. The Yankee replied, that in Boston there was as fine a *common*, and as elegant a *mall*. Well, replied the Englishman, have you as good roads in America, as are to be found in England? The Yankee immediately answered, that the road leading from Saratoga, on one occasion, was considered peculiarly good and useful to the army of George the Third.

The New Orleans Advertiser of the twentieth ult. says:—"The health of our city on Monday last was reported to be very bad, and the report was correct; but a change in the weather having taken place since then, we were in hopes that we should have been spared the painful necessity of this announcement. But we are constrained to say, that the Yellow Fever prevails to a great and destructive extent in our city, and it would be ill-advised for any of our citizens to return to this city at present. Strangers should not think of coming to the city as yet, as those who arrive from northern and more healthy climates, are most likely, at this season of the year, to be attacked by the epidemic. We have made this announcement, hoping that it may reach our absent friends, and be of service to them."

A writer in a Canada paper contends that the conduct of the United States towards people of color, is not much better than the conduct of Russia towards the Poles. The same writer draws a comparison between the conduct of the British government and that of the United States towards the Indians, in which he argues that the philanthropy of John Bull has been fully equal to that of Brother Jonathan.

AN AGED CLERGYMAN.—Reverend Doctor Perkins, of West Hartford, Connecticut, recently preached his 60th anniversary sermon. We learn, from a Hartford print, that he informed a listening auditory, nearly all of whom could date their birth since the commencement of his ministry, that in his church there had been 1000 deaths and 1000 baptisms—that he had delivered 4000 written sermons and 3000 extemporaneous ones, on other occasions of worship,—that he had attended 60 ordinations and installations, and had preached 20 ordination sermons, 12 of which had been published by request—that he had attended 100 ecclesiastical councils, to heal difficulties in the churches, and that he had fitted for college 150 students, and more than 30 for the gospel ministry. Dr. Perkins is now 83 years of age; his step is yet firm, his mind vigorous, and he continues to discharge his pastoral duties without interruption.

GRAND CHALLENGE.—The speed with which the Montreal carters can convey their trucks and carts from one part of the town to the other has induced them to offer a grand challenge of $1000 to the carters of Upper Canada and the United States, for a trial of skill in that city; the Montreal carters to select three carts and horses of their number, and their antagonist to select three of the best that can be brought to the field against them. The condition of the challenge is that two at least of the Montreal carters will reach the winning post before any of their competitors. All accidents that may occur in the street at the time to be at the risk of the parties respectively. The amount of the winnings, the Montrealers offer to give to *the relief of the sufferers who may be wounded*, or to the relations of those who may be *killed* on the occasion.

NEWSPAPER PARTIALITY.—Several notices imparting a refusal on the part of subscribers to the "Schuylkill County Patriot," to receive the same, have been lately forwarded from a certain petty post-office in the state, a fact or designation of which, at present, is not material. The information conveyed by these official missives was coldly filled us with surprise, being totally irreconcileable in many instances with the positive and explicit directions of subscribers residing in the district where they emanated. But the mystery is now unravelled. We were called upon a day or two since by one of these, and informed that he had made application at the office aforesaid, touching the newspapers. The answer received was, the paper had been discontinued—the paper could not be distributed at that post-office, because it was an *abusive* publication. We have the solemn assurance of a respectable subscriber that such was the language and such the conduct of the public functionary. Our paper, we are now persuaded, has been unlawfully and deliberately destroyed *to subserve party purposes*. We shall proceed forthwith to collect evidence and commence a *criminal* prosecution against this embryo tyrant, clothed with a "little brief authority." Such mal-practices must be checked, or the post-office department, root and branch, will become a powerful engine of party despotism, and the palladiums of our liberties overthrown.—*Miners' Jour.*

A newspaper is about being commenced at Helena, in Arkansas Territory, to be called the 'Helena Herald.' The paper which brings this information (the Little Rock Gazette) has been four weeks on the way, travelling at an average rate of sixty miles per day. Helena, we presume, is still further in the interior. And yet the whole distance from this city to Helena is scarcely one half the distance from Helena to the Pacific Ocean. Such facts are well fitted to convey an idea (a faint one, it is true,) of the immense extent of our territory.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

FIRE.—Between ten and eleven o'clock on Friday evening, the barn and extensive stabling of Messrs. Slaymaker & Co., stage proprietors, was entirely consumed. We have not heard how the fire originated, but have no doubt it was entirely accidental. So rapid was the combustion, that all the horses could not be removed, and eleven, we understand, were destroyed by the flames. The want of a supply of water was severely felt, and the extensive stage manufactory on the west, and the small brick houses on the east, were with difficulty saved. The latter are considerably injured.—*Lancaster Journal.*

Capt. Benjamin Holly, who arrived at Ponchartrain on the 13th ult. from Pascagoula, reports that when proceeding by land from Bollazi to Pass Christiane, he fell in with a boat, schooner rigged, with only one man on board—who fled and was pursued and discovered to be the notorious *Paddy Scott*. Capt. H. took possession of the boat, which was laden with trunks, baggage, &c. which he ordered to be carried to the Bay of St. Louis and restored to the owners, who compensated him with a reward of fifty dollars.

TAKING COFFEE AT BERLIN.—I was honored with a few visits of ceremony from mine host and his aristocratic acquaintance, who seemed much diverted with the difference between their customs and dress and those which they observed in me. The Khans and Meerzas of Bebahan are considerable consumers of coffee, but not after the fashion of Turks, Arabs, or Europeans. It is with them a kind of *bon-bon*, eaten in a powdered and roasted state, without having had any connexion with hot water. When Meer Goolam Hussein called on me, he was always accompanied by his coffee-bearer, who carried about the fragrant berry in a *snuff-box*, and handed it frequently to the company present. The first time it was brought to me, deceived by its color and quality, and strengthened in the delusion by its singular repository, I took a *pinch* of the coffee and applied it to my nose, amidst the roars of laughter and looks of surprise of all the party.—*Stocqueler's Pilgrimage through Persia, &c.*

SCENE AT THE BATTLE OF THE BAD AXE.—When our troops charged the enemy at their defiles near the bank of the Mississippi, men, women, and children were seen mixed together, in such a manner as to render it difficult to kill one and save the other. A young squaw of about nineteen, stood in the grass at a short distance from our line, holding her little girl in her arms, about four years old. While thus standing apparently unconcerned, a ball struck the right arm of the child above the elbow, and shattering the bone passed into the breast of its young mother, which instantly felled her to the ground. She fell upon the child and confined it to the ground also. During the whole battle this babe was heard to groan and call for relief, but none had time to afford it. When, however, the Indians had retreated from that spot, and the battle had nearly subsided, lieutenant Anderson, of the United States' army, went to the spot and took from under the dead mother her wounded daughter, and brought it to the place we had selected for surgical aid. It was soon ascertained that its arm must be cut off, and the operation was performed without drawing a tear or a shriek. The child was eating a piece of hard biscuit during the operation. It was brought to Prairie du Chien, and we learn that it had nearly recovered.

The return of Mr. Sublette and his party from their trip has been noticed. The value of the furs which he has brought back have been estimated at $60,000. In a letter to Gen. Ashley communicating the incidents of the expedition, he gives the following interesting account of a rencontre with the Black Feet Indians:

On the 8th July, about six miles from my camp, an engagement took place between a small party of whites, who had started for their hunting ground the day before, and a party of the Blackfeet Indians. An express was immediately sent to my camp, and I was joined by a considerable number of whites and some friendly Indians of the pierced-nose and Flathead nations, to go to the assistance of those engaged. When we arrived at the spot, we found the Blackfeet had taken possession of a point of wood, surrounded by willows, where they had formed a strong fort of fallen timber, and had dug holes in the ground inside the Fort, where they could be secure from our fire. Finding them thus fortified, and that we were exposed to their fire on the Prairie without being able to injure them—I proposed entering the willows and approaching their fort, where we would be on more even footing. I was joined by about thirty whites and as many friendly Indians, making our force nearly equal to that of our enemy. We advanced within fifteen paces of their fort, and continued firing on them, which they vigorously returned for some time. Discovering at length that they were too securely protected against our rifles, we determined on burning their fort, contrary to the wishes of our friendly Indians, who were anxious to secure the plunder. Having placed a train of dry wood to reach their fort, and when nearly prepared to apply fire to it, one of our friendly Indians, who spoke the Blackfeet language, and had held a conversation with them during the engagement was told by them that they were convinced we could kill them all, but that 8 or 800 warriors of their tribe were momentarily expected there, who would give us enough of fighting. Owing to the misconstruction of the interpreter who communicated it to the whites, he was understood to say, that 6 or 800 warriors were then in the valley attacking our camp, consequently the fight was immediately discontinued, and not until we got to the prairie was the matter properly explained. It was then deemed too late to renew the attack.

Next morning a party of whites went to the battle ground and found the Indians had fled to the mountains in the night, bearing with them their wounded on litters. They left nearly all their baggage, and had nine warriors and twenty-five horses killed on the ground.

It is stated in the Princeton Courier that the Delaware and Raritan Canal, connecting the Delaware and Raritan rivers, at Bordentown and New Brunswick, and forming a sloop navigation between the cities of New York and Philadelphia, and by means of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal a safe communication between the commercial towns on the Chesapeake Bay and the New England States, is in a state of forwardness, and will be completed by the end of the year 1833. The canal is seventy-five feet at top water line, and seven feet deep, and will conveniently pass vessels of six feet water; the locks are one hundred and ten feet between the gates, and twenty-three feet wide and one hundred feet from stem to stern; a square float may pass twenty-three feet wide and ninety-five feet in length. The feeder, or Delaware branch of this canal, extending from Trenton to Bull's Island, (twenty-three miles,) will be navigable.

MONTREAL, Oct. 31.—An attempt at murder was made in our jail on Friday evening last, by three prisoners, on an individual named Moore and his son, who had been committed that day on a charge of Homicide. The assault was a most atrocious one, as several severe wounds were inflicted upon the father, in addition to an attempt to strangle them both. The jailor was alarmed at midnight, and the aggressors were immediately placed in irons. It is supposed their object was to rob Moore of a few dollars, &c. if the jailor had not timely interfered—Moore and his son have since been enlarged on bail.

WILD MAN.—During the past week, a poor unfortunate man made his appearance in our town in a state of complete nudity. There can be little doubt of his insanity, although some have questioned it. He is the same individual who was confined in the jail at Rushville, on the charge of stabbing another man. He seems perfectly inoffensive, and were it not for his propensity of roaming about, minus his clothes, but little mischief might be apprehended from him. As there is no law in this state concerning lunatics, the friends of humanity have taken the subject into consideration, and from their well known liberality, there is but little doubt that he will be provided for. We understand that the trustees of this town will make provision for such cases at their next meeting.—*Jacksonville (Ill.) Patriot.*

DISASTROUS FIRE.—On Sunday morning Bride's Hotel in Dedham, Mass. together with an extensive stable attached to it, were entirely destroyed by fire. In addition to the loss of property, which amounted to $10,000, a revolutionary pensioner, who was on his way to Boston to receive his pittance, and lodged in the loft of the stable, was consumed in the flames. His scull and some other bones, a coin, and the metal buttons of his clothes were found among the ruins. Forty horses belonging to the Providence Citizens' Coach Company were burnt in the stable, besides eight out of eleven owned by the keeper of a livery stable, and another fine horse belonging to a gentleman travelling to New-York. The light of the fire was so great as to cause an alarm in Boston, ten miles distant, where several of the engines turned out and proceeded half way to the scene of destruction.

The fire is believed to have been the work of an incendiary, and a person was arrested on suspicion of having set fire to the stable, but on examination, discharged. He had applied for lodgings, which being shown him by Mr. Bride, he did not like, and asked Mr. B. if he intended to insult him. Mr. B. refused to accommodate him on account of his behaviour, and it is said he was seen about the premises in the evening, and to have thrown stones at the house; but the testimony was not deemed sufficient to warrant his detention.

On Wednesday evening last, a needle, of an inch and a quarter in length, was extracted from the back of a child three years old, by Dr. J. H. Case, of this borough, and Dr. Backhouse, of Dalmatia. The mother of the child can give no account how it came there, or how long it had been there. The needle was completely enveloped in the adipose membrane of the back. Mothers should be cautious how they let their children play with needles and pins.—*Liverpool (Pa.) Mercury*

LEGISLATURE OF NEW JERSEY.—The Legislature adjourned on the second instant, to meet again on the second Wednesday of January next.

On the 1st inst. in Joint Meeting, Joseph C. Hornblower, of Essex, was appointed Chief Justice, and Wm. Grant, of Trenton, Treasurer.

Charles Burroughs was appointed Mayor of the City of Trenton, vice Robert B. Neely, resigned, and Henry W. Green, Recorder.

The sitting has been a short and hurried one, and but little business done of public interest, except what present exigencies required.

The report on the Treasurer's accounts by Mr. Learning was made on the 29th. Balance in the Treasurer's hands, $10,362 82. The proceeds of the School fund, 15,951 09.

A resolution was passed authorising the Governor to appoint three commissioners to meet the commissioners of Pennsylvania relative to obstructions to the navigation of the river Delaware.

Petitions are before the House for another bank at Elizabeth Town; from Bergen county for an increase of Constables' fees, and from Waterford township, Gloucester county, for the restoration of Petty's Island to that Township.

DREADFUL OCCURRENCE.—It becomes our painful duty briefly to announce that yesterday afternoon while twenty men were engaged in the coal mine of Samuel J. Potts, Esq. the water suddenly rushed down from an adjoining mine, which has been for some time unoccupied, drowning two individuals, who were unable by reason of their situation to make their escape. The remainder sustained no injury—one of whom was immersed in water up to his chin, and saved himself by clinging to the roof of the mine. One of the deceased miners was a foreigner, and engaged in his first day's work on this side of the Atlantic.—*Pottsville Journal, Nov. 3*

EXTENSIVE FORGERY.—An extensive train of villainy has just been developed, says the Northampton (Mass.) Courier, in this vicinity. A man by the name of Webster, of Conway, who has heretofore sustained an unblemished character, has forged notes on the Hampshire and Amherst Banks, and individuals, to the amount of four or five thousand dollars. The precise amounts and the actual facts, we have not been able to gather, but the above in the main, is correct. He has absconded and officers of justice are in full pursuit of him.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 29.

MURDER.—One of the most brutal and cruel murders which we ever heard of was committed in this city on Saturday night last, upon the person of one Joseph Weinnand, who kept a porter house, called Neptune's Hotel, at the end of the Vendue Range. The man Weinnand lived alone, occupying a part of his shop as a sleeping room. We learn that he employed a colored woman to cook for him, who, upon going there as usual, early yesterday morning, was the first to discover the horrible murder that had been committed. She gave instant alarm, when several persons were soon called to witness one of the most appalling exhibitions that the depravity of man can invent. He was found dead upon the floor of his sleeping apartment, with his skull entirely broken in, and his head otherwise most shockingly mangled, with various marks of violence about the region of the throat. The attitude of the corpse bore strong indications that a desperate resistance had been made by the unfortunate victim of assassination, and that upon receiving the first blow he attempted to rise, but fell back, overpowered by the number of his assailants. Suspicion, we learn, already points to a certain Lee, as the perpetrator of the foul deed. Captain Laines is very seriously wounded in the head.

DISTRESSING SHIPWRECK.—The Charleston Courier, of the first instant, has the following—"The brig Amelia, Dickinson, with a valuable cargo of dry goods and wine, and one hundred and two steerage and three cabin passengers, sailed from New York on the 19th ult., bound to New Orleans. On the passage, they experienced very boisterous weather, lost bulwarks, and leaked badly. The captain, in consequence, concluded to put into Charleston; crossed the Bar on Tuesday afternoon last, and anchored in Five Fathom Hole, as reported in our paper of yesterday morning—after remaining there about five hours, it blew so heavily as to cause her to drag her anchors, when she was compelled to put to sea. In crossing the bar, the brig struck several times, which increased the leak considerably. It then became necessary, for the preservation of the lives of all on board, that she should be run on shore, which was accordingly done on Folly Island beach, where she grounded with six feet water in her hold. The vessel will be totally lost, but the cargo will most probably be saved, though in a damaged state. On the 27th ult. William H. Gibson, first officer, was washed overboard, but regained the vessel; he died the same day. Messrs. P. Pinder and W. Field, cabin, and 22 steerage passengers, died on the passage. The remainder of the passengers and crew were landed on Folly Island, (many of them in a very feeble state,) where every attention was paid to their distressed situation by the proprietor of the Island, Andrew Mike, Esq., who, with the most praiseworthy promptitude, gave up all his buildings for their accommodation. We understand that the city authorities despatched a boat to their assistance last evening, with supplies for their temporary relief; and we trust that measures will be immediately adopted effectually to relieve them from their distressing situation."

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8, 1832.—Officer *Craft* presented to his Honor a specimen of frailty from his beat, named *Mary Johnson*. "Frailty, thy name is woman." Her garments were frail; her principles were more frail, and her temper was evidently most frail: for when the officer stated that he had found her in the same place as on the preceding Monday night, roaring and kicking up on the ground, and other heels, she burst forth into a most voluble and obstreperous damsel. "It is all lies—false, abominable, notorious lies. I do not see how any one can stand up for to tell such falsehoods."

But she had evidently paid his Honor a previous visit. And as our new Mayor is a business-man, and does not approve of mere visits of ceremony, he determined she should receive the full benefit of her present call.

THE MAYOR.—Mary Johnson, you are sentenced to thirty days imprisonment, as a vagrant.

Mary departed with the officer, not like Sterne's *Maria*, to "weep all under a poplar tree," but like "Niobe, all in tears," to solace herself within the cold walls of a prison, upon bread and water, and reflections upon her vicious conduct.

Officer *Allen* brought up an old man, named *Abraham Bacon*, whose tottering limbs scarce sustained his feeble frame. His hair was white, and his face was pale. Bowed down with the heavy weight of poverty and age, the old man heaved a deep sigh as he stood at the bar. He had no home, no friends, no relations. He stood alone in the world, a homeless, houseless, wandering wretch. The officer had found him last night on South-street wharf, nearly perishing with the cold and rain.

THE MAYOR.—I pity you, old man. You must go to the almshouse, where you will be taken care of.

The old man bowed his gray head, and departed in silence.

Officer *Porter* brought to the bar a stout, middle-aged man, named *Joseph Johnson*, no relation, perhaps, to Mary Johnson, above named, but of similar bad habits, and dirty appearance. He was found drunk, very drunk, near Ninth and George-streets. He stated that he had just come to the city—would leave it immediately, and was exceedingly sorry for what he had done.

THE MAYOR.—Joseph Johnson, in consideration of your being a stranger here, and of your intention to leave the city forthwith, you are discharged. But, remember, if you are brought before me again, you will be punished as you deserve.

Poor *Pill-garlic* departed, happy in his escape, and declaring, "If you catch me in this here tarnal city again, may I be shot. No! I'll eat snakes first."

Mr. James [illegible] and Mr. [illegible] W. [illegible], two gentlemen of highly respectable appearance, had a hearing last evening before the Mayor. It appears that Mr. D., a young gentleman of about 17 years of age, had taken offence at some words spoken to him by Mr. S. for alledged misbehaviour in church, and had forthwith sent him a furious epistle, commencing with "gentlemanly satisfaction!" containing, in fact, a plain invitation to "*Coffee and pistols for two.*" Mr. S. being a gentleman considerably older than Mr. D., and consequently not quite so chivalrous in his ideas of matters and things, referred the matter to his Honor, the Mayor, who bound over Mr. D. in the sum of two thousand dollars to keep the peace.

The legal penalties, in Pennsylvania, for sending a challenge to fight with deadly weapons, are five hundred dollars fine, one year's imprisonment, and forfeiture of the rights of citizenship for one year.

Officer *Heckman* brought up a hack-driver for charging one dollar for driving to the almshouse.

THE MAYOR.—I will teach hackmen, and the owners of hacks, not to impose upon the public.

This case was delayed to procure further evidence.

A number of well dressed young gentlemen had a private hearing, for kicking up their heels in some frolicksome manner; but as nothing public was done in this matter, it is not proper to remark further on the subject.

UNPARALLELED BARBARITY.—The Chester County Democrat contains a horrid account of murder and incendiarism, equalling in enormity, if the details are void of exaggeration, the most barbarous cruelties practiced among hostile savages. The victims are represented to have been an old man and his family, who had some months previously settled in the neighbourhood, and the populace the instruments of this atrocious villany. They suspected that these emigrants, though in perfect health, were under the influence of the epidemic which has scourged the Atlantic cities. A universal panic ensued. The dread of contagion prompted the neighbours to close their doors against the old man and his family, and to avoid all intercourse with them. They were soon driven from their dwelling, wandering about without shelter. A humble mechanic received the distressed family into his house, which was surrounded in the dead of night by a mob, who rushed in, murdered the owner, and set fire to the building, which was reduced to ashes. The mob, the account states that on the next day might be seen the bones of the miserable victims blackened by the smoke of the smouldering ruins, lying exposed to the public gaze." It is understood that the ring-leaders have been arrested.—*Min. Jour.*

The Editor of the Nantucket Enquirer relates the following anecdote:—

"About thirty years ago, a very small child was noticed to steal regularly away from its meals, and to carry its plate of victuals with it. This had been repeated so often that the parents determined to watch its movements. Following the child, unperceived, they saw it going to a snug corner of the yard, seat itself on the ground, and disposing its plate before it, separate the provisions into two parts, and then quietly wait, as if in expectation of company. It was not long before a large rat, to their great surprise, made its appearance from a neighboring hole, and seated himself at the side of the plate opposite the child with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Immediately both set to, without ceremony, the one with a spoon, and the other with a nose, each at his own division of food.

"The dinner party seemed to enjoy all the gust which intrinsic worth and agreeable participation could yield. When the feast was over the rat retired, and the child returned with apparent satisfaction to the house. The only occurrence which marred the harmony of the occasion was an attempt of the visitor to take a morsel from the portion which the other had reserved for itself; but this aggression was met on the part of the child with a gentle tap of the spoon over the part used in taking snuff, and the moderate reprimand "keep on your own side, rat."

CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.—A few weeks since, we mentioned an instance of the bursting of a grindstone used in the United States Armory, in Springfield, by which one workman was seriously injured, and that a death was occasioned at Danforth's works in Suffield, by a similar accident. Another accident of the same character recently occurred at Pomeroy's gun factory, in Pittsfield, by the bursting of a large grindstone, weighing 2100 pounds. When the stone was hung for use, it was, as was supposed, thoroughly tested, by being made to revolve with great rapidity before the workmen commenced grinding upon it, and it was supposed, from the experiment made, to be safe. But while one of the workmen was engaged in grinding a bayonet upon it week before last, the stone new into two parts, one of which, weighing about 1000 lbs. went up through the floor over head, fell upon the man at work, and crushed him instantly. His name we have not learned. These cases of the immense power of the centrifugal force show that great caution is necessary in using such large stones, which acquire a most tremendous momentum while rapidly revolving.—*Balt. Gazette.*

VIRGINIA—THE RACES.

THIRD DAY'S RACE OVER THE FAIRFIELD COURSE.

Thursday, Nov. 1st, 1832.

Jockey Club Purse, $400—1 mile heats—Entrance $20.

This race was won by Goliah in three heats, beating Wm. H. Minge's I. C., H. Maclin's Jane Shore, Wm. R. Johnson's Andrew, John Minge's Eliza Reely, and Hector Davis' Dolly Dixon. Andrew was the favorite, three to one against the field.—The first heat was won by Goliah, beating Andrew by a few feet only. The second heat was given to I. C. without a contest at the close of the race—Goliah and Andrew waiting on each other. The winning horse came out in a trot. This accounts for the apparent slow running of this heat. After the second heat Andrew showed lameness, and it was generally thought he would be drawn. All six, however, started for the third heat, Goliah taking the lead and keeping it throughout, though occasionally pushed by I. C. and Jane Shore. The heat was at no time doubtful, though apparently well contested, and won by Goliah by a few lengths. The race was a very interesting one, and the more so for being wholly unexpected. No one doubted that Andrew would win the race with ease. Time—first heat, 8 min. 7 sec.; second 8m. 14s.; third 8m. 5s.

[*Rich. Whig.*

A morning paper informs us that the Electors present on the first Wednesday in December, are competent to fill any vacancies that may occur in the Electoral College. It was stated on the authority of Sutherland's Legislative Manual, that the state legislature would supply the vacancies. The law has been altered since the publication of the Manual, and hence the error.

A correspondent of the Annapolis Republican states that two spots are now visible on the disc of the sun, one of which is so large that it can be seen by the naked eye. The state of the atmosphere is particularly favorable for their observation, soon after the rising, or just before the setting of the sun.

Foreign Intelligence.

FIVE DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

By the Ship Richards, Capt. Bursley, London dates to the 23d, and Liverpool to the 24th, have been received. The announcement of the death of the king of Spain—the death of Sir Walter Scott, and the rejection by Holland of the ultimatum of the London Conference, render the news by this arrival more than usually interesting.

DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—We learn from Capt. Bursley and passengers, that a letter was sent on board the ship the day she sailed, for the lady of Judge Sewell of Quebec, with an endorsement on the back of it that *Sir Walter Scott died on the 17th.*

Letters have been received at Paris from Alexandria, dated the 18th of July, which state that a telegraphic despatch had been received at that place, announcing the capture of the Turkish camp at Hama by the Egyptians.

There are no later accounts from Portug

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, Novemb'r 10, 1832.

We understand that Mr. Bristow, the eminent teacher of penmanship, will shortly revisit this city, to continue his instructions in chirography. In Boston, in which city he has resided since he left Philadelphia, he has given lessons to more than three hundred ladies and gentlemen, all of whom bear testimony to his skill in teaching penmanship. We have no doubt his return here will be satisfactory to the public and profitable to himself.

MORE GRIEVANCES!

To give our friends a sample of the grievances under which we labour, from the irregularity of the mails, we subjoin the following letter from a respectable gentleman in South Carolina.

"*La Grange, S. C., 27th October*, 1832.

"Sir—R * * G. D * * *, who takes your Saturday Evening Post, at ——ville, requests me to stop his paper, as he gets it so irregularly. He writes that he does not receive it oftener than once a month, which surprises me, as no paper, not even those issued in this state, arrives more regularly at the office than yours.

"I am afraid there is fault or carelessness in the postmaster at ——ville, as *I heard of Mr. Keisler's Cashete having some of the plates cut out by the postmaster's wife*; as well as other complaints.

"Yours, &c. —— ——."

Thus are editors imposed upon and defrauded—first by mail carriers, next by postmasters, and lastly, by postmasters' wives! When will these things be remedied?

Judge Workman, of New Orleans, whose absence from home was noticed some weeks since, appears to have been drowned, with the two negroes who were with him in the boat. He will was opened about two weeks since. His testamentary dispositions are as follows:—After several legacies, none of them exceeding one thousand dollars, in N. Orleans, and only two above that sum, which were to persons residing in New York and Philadelphia; he gave ten thousand dollars to the Colonization Society, and ten thousand to another society, and the residue of his ample fortune was bestowed on the Hibernian Society of N. Orleans, to be disposed of for the purposes for which said society was created. After giving select works from his library to several persons and institutions, he bequeaths the balance of his library to the Commercial Library of La. The Judge had no relations in the ascending or descending line. The society which he made universal legatee of his property, is devoted to the relief and assistance of destitute and indigent emigrants from Ireland and Scotland; and the testator during his life time was always a very prominent member and president of their deliberations.

The Barnstable Journal mentions, that extensive beds of Peat have been found in several places in that neighborhood. The article lies near the surface of the earth, and is mined at a trifling expense. One man, with a team of horses, can extract several tons in a day. In Orleans, Chatham, and Eastham, the mines have been wrought to a considerable extent. Peat, says the editor, is superior to anthracite in one respect, at least; it ignites more readily, burns as freely in a grate, and produces a strong heat.

Electors for Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, are now being held in all the states of the Union. Pennsylvania and Ohio voted on Friday of last week; Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, Georgia, Illinois, and Missouri, on Monday last; New York on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; *New Jersey* on Monday and Tuesday; Kentucky on Tuesday; and Louisiana on Thursday and Wednesday. So that the whole number of electors now chosen is 181, being 37 more than is sufficient for a choice, supposing all to be given to one candidate. Sufficient returns have not been received to give us any clue to the result. Maryland and Alabama vote on Monday next, Vermont on Tuesday, North Carolina on Thursday, and Tennessee on Thursday and Friday. This exciting question will therefore be speedily settled.

Opening of the Sixth Seal.

Danby's celebrated Scripture piece, representing the opening of the Sixth Seal, is now being exhibited at the Adelphi, in South Fifth street, where it deservedly attracts much attention. The size of the painting is, perhaps, smaller than the spectator is inclined to anticipate, after viewing West's *Christ Healing the Sick*, and Beadle's *Resurrection of Lazarus*, but the feeling of disappointment soon gives place to one of pleasure and admiration, as the eye examines the masterly colors and touches of the artist. The subject chosen for the exercise of the skill of the painter, is one of absorbing interest. It refers to the vision of St. John, described in the Revelations, and the terrible scene connected with the opening of the *Sixth Seal* in Heaven, is attempted to be depicted on canvass.

Theological commentators in speaking of this prophecy of the apostle, have dissented in opinion as regards the period of its fulfillment. Some have labored to show that not only this, but nearly all the prophetic incidents in the Revelations have already been fulfilled—and these designate the overthrow of the reign of Constantine, as the era referred to on the opening of the Sixth Seal. Others imagine the terrible commotion consequent upon this event, to refer to the Resurrection and final Judgment. In all ages of the christian church these visions have attracted the attention of the pious and learned, but few have ventured to speak with confidence, as to the period, times, and circumstances to which they may refer.

Mr. Danby's painting in no way conflicts with the varied views of commentators upon this subject, neither has the artist attempted to fix the date of the judgment to any particular time, or to any particular nation or people. The canvass exhibits a literal translation of the words of the sacred writer. The heavens are departing as a scroll; mountains are moving from their places, and tossing to and fro in wild confusion; stars are falling from their spheres; the moon turned into blood, is sinking in the ocean; cities are crumbling into dust; and myriads of affrighted people, are leaping into the chasms of the rocks, and perishing in the general destruction. The scene represented is impressingly awful.

From the centre, a stream of fire bursts up, and illuminates the whole canvass. Conspicuous in front is the figure of a manacled slave, standing erect, and inviting, as it were, the utmost fury of the warring elements. At his feet lies a king with his crown and sceptre—the wreck of his royalty. A small white cross, visible near the top of the canvass, is intended to represent the presence of the Almighty. Of this a London editor remarks:—"In this last idea, Mr. Danby's modesty is above praise, that while he could so successfully dare, and succeed in pourtraying the grandeur of the awful day, he has not attempted to represent that majesty which is past all human power to conceive. Its personification, by a small pure white cross, is as beautiful as it is simple and poetical."

The skill of the painter in depicting these scenes of woe, is surprisingly great, and this painting alone, would entitle him to rank among the first artists of the day. Both in design and execution the work is one of extraordinary merit, and from the nature of the subject embraced, of absorbing interest. In England it attracted universal attention, and the present opportunity to see it, should not be neglected by those who admire the Fine Arts.

The Bank of Upper Canada, says the Kingston Chronicle, is understood to have determined not to receive payment of notes discounted, by instalments, as heretofore—a resolution which will be very injurious to the trade of the province.

A Russellville (Ky.) paper relates the following melancholy accident. On the 23d instant, Mr. Henderson Sawyers, of this county, was accidently killed by his friend and neighbor, Mr. Mabin. Sawyers had ensconced himself in a thick cluster of bushes and was imitating the sound of a turkey, when he was shot by Mabin. The ball penetrated the skull of the deceased just above the hat band, and he survived but a few hours. They were both in the pursuit of turkies, and Sawyers was taken for one by Mabin, at the time the fatal shot was made. No blame has been attached to Mr. Mabin, as it is regarded by every one as a pure accident.

RAIL ROADS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Danville and Pottsville Rail-Road.—This line leaves the Rail-road on the eastern branch of the Norwegian creek, at an elevation of 320 feet above Sunbury, and two and a half miles from Pottsville, by a deep cut and tunnel of 1400 feet in length—the tunnel being 700 feet long—and thus reaches the valley of Mill creek, where the Mill Creek Rail-Road is situated. It pursues a course along the valley until it attains the first summit on the Broad Mountain, which is elevated 1010 feet above Sunbury. This height is reached by four inclined planes, and the grades of the intermediate stages are twenty feet to the mile; the swadoo and summit are level. The cut on the summit is 900 feet long, and seventeen feet deep. Thence it descends the Broad Mountain, by a single plane, the perpendicular elevation of which is 400 feet. The next stage—two and a half miles in length—is level; the next inclined plane descends to a level of four miles. The line then ascends to the summit—between the waters of the Mahony and Shamokin creeks—by the fourth inclined plane, and a stage ascending at the rate of ten and thirty feet per mile, and descends to Sunbury by two inclined planes. The grades being twenty and thirty feet for about ten miles. The plan is circuitous, and the curves are necessarily frequent. This road is now under contract.

Schuylkill Valley Rail-Road—Commences at Port Carbon, and follows the course of the valley, ten miles to the vicinity of the town of Tuscarora. It was commenced in 1828 and finished in 1830; used for coal transporting purposes. Coaches for the conveyance of passengers are employed on this road.

The number of branches from this rail-way is twenty, extending in the aggregate twelve miles, to a number of coal mines, where they have numerous ramifications. From Tuscarora a branch is in progress, directly through the mountain, by means of a tunnel, to Cold Run: this branch is to be connected with the Rail Road on the Little Schuylkill.

Mauch Chunk Rail-Road.—This work commences at the coal mines on Panther creek, a short distance below the summit of Mauch Chunk. It is used for the purpose of carrying the Schuylkill coal from this valley to the top of the mountain, and thence to the Lehigh river. The road was finished in 1827, and was the first rail-road of any considerable extent in the United States. The extent of the main line is nine miles, and the branches and side lines extend in the aggregate three miles and three-fourths. The mine in which the rail-road commences is 360 feet above the Lehigh, at Mauch Chunk. From the mine to the summit, 960 feet above the Lehigh, the line *ascends* 100 feet in three-quarters of a mile, and this steep stage is worked *solely* by horse power.

Room Run and Mauch Chunk Rail-Road.—This road extends from the coal mines, on Room Run, a tributary to the Lehigh, to Mauch Chunk, a distance of five miles and 1380 feet. In the mines a number of branches are in progress. The wagons of coal descend by the action of gravity, and the mules which draw back the empty wagons ride down. The total cost of the road was $76,111.

Lyken's Valley Rail-Road.—This work was commenced in 1831, and will be finished during the present year. It is a single line, extending from an anthracite coal basin, in the Broad Mountain, through Bear creek Gap, and thence on the north side of Berry's Mountain, to Millersburgh, on the Susquehanna river, a distance of sixteen and a half miles. About seven miles are in progress.

Rail-Road from Carbondale to Honesdale.—This road is one of the most important in the state of Pennsylvania; connecting the whole country, watered by the north branch of the Susquehanna, with the Hudson river and the city of New York. A canal commences on the Roundout, near its junction with the Hudson, and terminates at Honesdale, 106 miles from the town of Eddyville, on the Roundout, and ninety miles from New York. Thence to the coal mines near Carbondale, on the Lackawanna river, the railroad continues the line. The road was finished in 1829, and is principally used for transporting coal.

A great number of rail-roads of short extent, exist in various parts of the state, generally near coal mines, which it might be considered superfluous to notice. The total number in the state is sixty-seven.

The same interesting work—a work which should be in the hands of every individual, in any manner concerned in Internal Improvements—contains notices of various other rail-roads in the United States, from which we condense the following sketches—

Camden and Amboy Rail-Road.—This work is designed to facilitate travelling between the great cities of Philadelphia and New York. It commences at Camden, immediately opposite Philadelphia, and terminates at Amboy, on the Raritan—the whole length being sixty-one miles, by a remarkably direct line. The road formation on the second division, twenty-six and a half miles, is finished, and the rail-way is laid on a number of sections, more than half this distance, and has been formally opened. When the line is completed, a journey between the two cities will be made in six or seven hours.

The legislature of New Jersey has authorised the construction of a branch from the main line to New Brunswick; and another company is authorised to continue the line to the Hudson, opposite the city of New York, forming a link in the largest continuous rail-road hitherto made.

New Castle and Frenchtown Rail-Road.—This work connects the Delaware and Chesapeake rivers, and forms part of the highway between the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore. The whole length of the line is 86,910 feet. A single track was opened in February last, and has since been constantly used for conveying passengers. Locomotive engines have recently been employed with decided success.

Baltimore and Ohio Rail-Road.—Commences at the City Block, in Baltimore, and is continued to the Point of Rocks, on the Potomac river, a distance of sixty-nine and a half miles. At this point the progress of the work has been temporarily arrested, in consequence of difficulty with a canal company previously organized. If continued, the line will be carried to Pittsburg, on the Ohio, about 200 miles in length. The first part of the road is nearly finished. A branch from this road to the city of Washington has been authorised.

South Carolina Rail-Road.—This work was commenced in 1830, and will probably be completed early in 1833; about seventy-five miles are already in operation. The road extends from the city of Charleston, to the town of Hamburg on the Savannah river, opposite to Augusta. The length of the main line is 135½ miles. Three locomotives are already in successful operation on this road. The line is to be continued to the Tennessee river, a further distance of about 220 miles.

Besides the above, there are in the United States,—the Hudson and Mohawk Rail-Road, connecting Albany with Schenectady, fifteen miles in length—nearly completed; the Saratoga and Schenectady Rail-Road, twenty-two miles in length; the Ithaca and Owego Rail-Road, in length twenty-nine and a half miles; the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail-Road, from Baltimore to the town of York, in Pennsylvania, seventy miles, principally under contract; the Chesterfield Rail-Road, in Chesterfield county, Va., thirteen and a half miles; the Petersburg and Roanoke Rail-Road, from Petersburg to Weldon, on the Roanoke, sixty miles; the Lexington and Ohio Rail-Road, from Lexington to Louisville, nearly finished; the Patterson and Hudson Rail-Road, from Patterson, N. J., to the Hudson river; and a rail-road from the Tennessee to the Alabama river. An immense number of companies are about forming in various parts of the United States, to construct other roads in particular sections. A few years hence, and they will connect all the principal cities of the Union.

We have received a pamphlet containing a catalogue of the corporation, faculty and students of Amherst College, Mass. The whole number of students is 227, viz:—Seniors 41, Juniors 50, Sophomores 61, Freshmen 72.

This institution is of recent establishment, and is remarkable for the advancement which it has made. We perceive in the list of students the names of several Philadelphians. It is remarkable that the citizens of Philadelphia are exceedingly liberal in giving money to collegiate institutions, and scarcely less liberal in patronising them by sending students thereto. Yet we have in this city a University of great worth, and if that is not sufficient, the money sent to distant places would establish and continue another.

A number of the undergraduates of "Amherst" have clubbed wit and learning to make a periodical, the fifth number of which is before us. I contains some very creditable writing. This is a mode of spending time and money which may be very useful to the student, if not carried too far; let him not become a "literary man," or imagine himself one; that is a bad use to which to apply his learning and his talents. The man who *studies medicine* should not be an apothecary.

New Publication.—"The Select Circulating Library," is the title of a new publication, of which the first number has appeared on the 1st ultimo, from the press of Mr. Adam Waldie, of this city. It is to be printed weekly, on a double medium sheet of fine paper, of 16 pages of 3 columns, and it is to be devoted to the republication of the most approved miscellaneous works, such as Novels, Memoirs, Tales, Biography, &c., newly issued from the British press; and the benefit it holds out is, the dissemination, throughout the country, of such productions, at a very cheap rate.

The price is 6¼ per annum, and the quantity of matter promised by the prospectus, is "equal to about fifty volumes of the common London novel size." The first number contains the first eleven chapters of a new novel, called "Waldheim, or the Swedes in Prague—from the German of Madame C. Pichler—by J. D. Rosenthall.

To persons who are fond of light reading, the publication of this work will be acceptable, and we think it cannot fail to have the circulation requisite to sustain a work published so much below the usual cost of books.

Newspaper for Sale.—The New Jersey Journal, a weekly periodical, published at Elizabethtown, N. J. is offered for sale by the present proprietor, who on account of ill health, wishes to change his business. The paper is the only one in the county, and the oldest one in the state. It enjoys a respectable patronage, and will be sold on liberal terms.

Miss Austin's novel called "Persuasion," has been reprinted, in cheap form, by Messrs. Carey & Lea of this city, who design also to republish the other works of this favorite authoress. To those who have perused "Pride and Prejudice," "Emma," or "Mansfield Park," it is scarcely necessary to say that "Persuasion" is an interesting work. Like the writings of Miss Austin, it has merit without immoral alloy, and is amusing without possessing any pernicious tendency or inculating pernicious precepts. Sir Walter Scott regarded this lady, as one of the best of female writers, and his opinion is concurred in by numbers in this country, who have perused her volumes with delight and instruction.

The Moyamensing Prison.—The State Prison now being erected on the Passyunk Road, in the district of Moyamensing, is going up rapidly. It was commenced early in the spring of the present year, and already presents a prominent appearance. The construction of the edifice is adapted to carry into effect the system of solitary confinement, which of late years has been so strongly urged upon the attention of our legislative bodies. Several of the cells are already completed Their dimensions are eight feet wide by ten deep. They are so constructed as to admit light and heat, in quantities sufficient to promote the comfort of the unfortunate prisoner, who is however, entirely prevented holding intercourse with his fellow criminals. The cells are also so arranged that the keeper of the prison, by entering a long gallery, extending the whole length of the building, has a view of every apartment, without being himself observed.

The workmen are now engaged upon the second story of the prison, and they will probably be able to cover in a portion before outdoor work is prevented by inclement weather. When the building is finished, it is contemplated to raze the Walnut street Prison, and occupy the new edifice with the criminals who are now confined therein.

THEATRICAL.

The young gentleman who made his first appearance on any stage, at the Arch Street Theatre, on Monday evening, was well received by a full house, and succeeded in making a favorable impression. He possesses a person of uncommonly fine proportions, and a countenance susceptible of varied expression and force. The arduous character of Rolla he sustained with considerable ability, and had he possessed a more perfect knowledge of stage business, we doubt not his success would have been much more distinct. His readings were generally correct, which is more than can be said of all the actors who supported him. We are advised that the gentleman will shortly appear again, perhaps in the part of William Tell.

Master Burke commenced an engagement at this house on Tuesday, and closed it last evening; his engagements at the south preventing a longer stay. He has increased somewhat in stature, and lost none of his genius and talents.

Mr. C. Kean performed the part of Hamlet on Thursday evening.

The opera of Cinderella was performed at the Chesnut Street Theatre on Monday; Miss Hughes appearing as Cinderella, and Mr. Horn as the Prince. Both performers were well received, and have already become favorites. The lady is a vocalist of considerable power, and an actress of ability and skill. Her benefit is announced for this evening.

"Little Bill," of the Arch street house, is announced at one of the Boston theatres as the popular comedian and comic vocalist of Philadelphia. He was to make his first appearance on the Boston boards on Tuesday evening last, in the character of Solomon Swap.

The returns of the Presidential Election held in this state, yesterday week, are not yet completed, but sufficient have been received in this city, to justify the belief that the Jackson ticket has succeeded by a majority of about 25,000 votes. The present ascertained majority is about 21,000, and twelve counties remain to be heard from. These will considerably increase the Jackson majority.

In Ohio, the Jackson ticket has probably succeeded by less than 10,000 majority. From New York we have no certain returns, except from the city and county, which have given the Jackson electors a large majority.

Large Egg Plant.—An Egg Plant, measuring thirty by thirty and a half inches, and weighing seven and a half pounds, has been raised this season, by Mr. G. Waterman, near Holmesburg, Pa.

The latest arrival from England brings intelligence of the demise of Ferdinand the 7th, King of Spain and the Indies; and of the death of Walter Scott, the brightest literary star of the age, who departed this life, at Abbotsford, on the 23d September. The loss of this prolific author, who has contributed so much to the amusement and instruction of the whole world, will be sensibly felt. His power as a writer was most extraordinary—gifted in intellect, far beyond all his competitors, he exercised his talents, unceasingly, for the benefit of the human race. His loss it will be difficult to supply.

The Viscomte de Nugent, (not the Lord of Lilies,) a young French author, who has distinguished himself by the royalism of his works, was adjudged the other day in Paris to a considerable fine and eight months imprisonment. The Viscount being on the point of marriage with Mademoiselle de Saniot, a young lady of good family: their union was triumphantly solemnized on the very day after sentenced was passed; and this loyal young couple will consequently pass the honeymoon, and two-thirds of the first year of their marriage in prison.

COMMUNICATION.

Obituary.—When death has invaded the temple of domestic happiness, or deprived the social circle of friendship of one of its chief ornaments, however much surviving relatives and friends may deplore the loss; they have some consolation left, in being able to contemplate the virtues, and record as a testimonial of their regard, the amiable characteristics and attractive features of the individual who has departed from this earthly scene to the world of spirits, and whose memory they cherish in their bosoms, and fondly embalm in their hearts. In paying a tribute, to the departed worth of Mrs. ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, we realize a portion of that melancholy pleasure which we have attempted to describe. For a short time, and she was attempted to describe. For a short time, and she was moving in all the vigour of uninterrupted health, with the prospect of a long life; adorning the domestic habitation by her virtues, as a wife and mother—delighting her friends by her sincere and disinterested attachments, and pleasing all her acquaintances by her gentle, quiet and unobtrusive manners. But death, in the form of that direful scourge, the Cholera came, and, in a few hours, deprived an affectionate husband of a loving and dutiful wife, her children of a kind and tender mother, and society of a useful and exemplary ornament. In all the relations of life, she was conspicuous for performing her duties, and presented in her character, not only an object to admire and love, but exhibited a living example of conduct worthy of imitation. Lamented as she must long and painfully be, by all those who knew her excellencies, they have the satisfactory consolation of believing, that she is now enjoying that reward in Heaven, which is promised to all those who discharge their obligations on earth conscientiously.

Her relatives and friends, therefore, do not mourn, as those without hope; they anticipate that the period will arrive, when they shall meet her again in the celestial habitation of the Father of the Universe, no more to be separated, but to enjoy together throughout endless ages, the unalloyed bliss, which is the hope of this life, and the certainty of the next. D——.

COMMUNICATION.

Atlantic Journal and Friend of Knowledge.—The third number of this literary and scientific Journal, with an Extra to it, has been published for some time past; contain the usual variety of interesting matter, the whole of which is original. We can recommend to the attention of the public the analysis of Follenberg's mode of Education, whereby the poor can be educated without any cost! Also, the hints on knowledge by postages, &c. The Cradle of Mankind is a very learned article. Employment of Wealth is worthy the attention of wealthy men. There are many articles on Geology and the Natural Sciences; a Survey of the Alleghanies in 1818, with a refutation of the wanton attack of the Journal of Geology.*

The fourth number is promised to appear in December; such a Journal, strictly American, with novel and useful articles, ought to be well patronised; the price only one dollar per annum, being within the means of any one. But the Editor complains of the difficulty to collect such small sums, and of the impediments to cheap journals by heavy postage taxes, which are really serious and useless restrictions on cheap knowledge.

* The two figures of this number are of new fossil teeth of Pennsylvania, and a new tubular shell.

There were 74 deaths in this city last week—44 adults and 30 children, 12 of whom were under the age of one year. Eight of the whole number were from the Almshouse, and 7 people of color are included in the total amount. The principal diseases were consumption of the lungs, causing the death of 16, convulsions 6, debility 5, dropsy 3, typhus fever 4, inflammation of the lungs 4, &c.

In New York there were 125 deaths during the past week—men 38, women 39, boys 22, girls 22: 11 died of cholera morbus, 36 of consumption, 6 of convulsions, 5 of diarrhœa, &c., &c.; 41 were children under five years of age.

In Baltimore last week there were 68 deaths—males 31, females 35; 15 died of cholera, 12 of consumption, 9 infantile unknown, 5 dysentary, 2 whooping cough, &c.; 17 were under five years of age.

Deaths in the city of Boston, for the week ending the 30th inst. Males 20, females 21. Diseases, consumption 5, cholera malignant 5, &c.

Deaths in the city of Charleston, for the week ending the 28th ult. Whites 8, blacks and colored 7. Total 15.

There were 142 interments at New Orleans during the week ending the 20th ult.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The Philadelphia Exchange begins to shadow forth the majesty which it must present when completed.—The edifice will be a noble and imposing one; and the view of it, from the south-east, will transcend, we think, that of any other building in town—the United States bank excepted. The marble is of a beautiful hue, and the plan of the work cannot fail to strike the beholder as excellent.

We understand that it is expected that one of the legislative committees appointed with the Girard and Norristown, and turnpike committees, will visit each work. Circumstances beyond the control of the company have occasioned the delay.

Beware of Counterfeits.—We are informed that a number of counterfeit notes are in circulation, representing the old plate of the Schuylkill bank, Philadelphia. Spurious notes purporting to be issued by the Easton bank, Pa. are also said to be in circulation in this vicinity. We have had an opportunity of ascertaining any further particulars.

A coroner's inquest was held over the body of a man supposed to be aged 60 or 65 years, known by the name of Jimmy; who was found dead in the run of water that crosses Broad street, near the Lagrange Garden; blue roundabout, cord pantaloons, muslin shirt, white hat.

A trotting match took place on Thursday at the Hunting Park Course; Colt Purse $200. One mile and Repeat—won in two heats by a Grey Filley; time of first heat 2 minutes and 59 seconds; 2d heat not ascertained.

A clergyman was recently prosecuted in Philadelphia under an old law, for solemnizing the marriage of a minor without the knowledge or consent of his parent. The age of the lad was seventeen years, while that of the lady was proved to be "not under" twenty-one. The jury returned a verdict of $133,33 for the plaintiff.

The legislature of Pennsylvania will convene on the first Tuesday in the ensuing month, December.

The legislature of New Jersey has adjourned, to meet again on the second Wednesday in January.

A boy about 8 or 9 years of age, fell into the river from one of the piers at Brooklyn, N. Y. near the Fulton Ferry, on Monday, but was fortunately saved by Mr. Cornelius Cole, one of the packetmen to the Ferry. Mr. Cole promptly took a small boat, which he had to draw over the float, and reached the drowning child in time to save his life. Mr. Cole's successful exertions on this occasion, are highly spoken of by those who witnessed the circumstance.

The New York election occupies three days. On the first—Monday last—above thirteen thousand votes were received; no payment of taxes being required as a qualification. The newspapers, of all parties, say that there prevails a very lively excitement; but that the business is conducted peaceably. In 1828, the whole vote was about twenty-four thousand.

The legislature of Rhode Island have decided by the casting vote of the Speaker, to postpone the election of United States Senator until January.

The commander of one of the United States Revenue Cutters, speaks of the great benefits already resulting from the Breakwater in Delaware Bay. He gives an account of several vessels, lately riding out a gale, protected by the Breakwater, which otherwise would have certainly been wrecked.

The Opera continues successful in New York. The New York American states that it was numerously and brilliantly attended on Monday evening, despite of the election.

Captain Chapman, of the brig Athenian, at New York, from Malaga, having sailed on the 27th of September, confirms the report of the death of the King of Spain. According to the regular course of things, he is succeeded by his son, Charles the Fourth, a boy about seven years old. The situation of the lad is not to be envied, unless he should prove to be as precociously rich in *king-craft* as young Burke is in dramatic talent.

Sudden Death.—The Boston Traveller, of Friday, says—"John S. Larkin, Esq., Cashier of the Commercial Bank, yesterday, during business hours, while sitting at his desk, suddenly dropped from the seat, and died in about five minutes. He had been for some months out of health, and has been unable to be at the bank for several weeks at a time, during the summer."

Sudden.—The Milton Advocate, of Tuesday last, says—"Mr. William Jodon, of this borough, was found suspended by a cord in his barn on Friday last. He was absent from his family since the previous evening. No cause is assigned for this deplorable event. He has left a numerous connexion of friends to mingle their regrets with those of society for the catastrophe."

The barn of Mr. James Braden, of Derry township, Westmoreland Co. was destroyed by fire last week, with several stacks of grain, comprising the entire crop of last season.

The shop of Mr. Haller, in Chambersburg, was broken open one day last week, and robbed of several watches and some jewellery.

A most destructive fire took place in the village of Burlington on the morning of the 27th inst. and resulted in the entire destruction of the Brick and Stone buildings, owned and occupied by Mr. Chauncey Goodrich, situated on College street, about 100 rods east from Court House Square.

The Grand Jury of Ohio county, Va., at their last session in Wheeling, found ninety-six bills of indictment against gamblers, and keepers of gambling houses.

Mr. John McNerhenny, superintendant of the almshouse and penitentiary in Washington city, drowned above Georgetown in the Chesapeake and Ohio canal on Thursday night last, and his body found next morning.

A barn was burnt in Dorchester, Mass., on Thursday evening, together with a yoke of oxen, a cow and a horse.

Mail Stolen.—It will be seen by an advertisement of the Post Master at Northampton, Mass., that the great western mail which left Boston for Albany and the West, on Wednesday morning, has been stolen.

Suicide.—Lewis Grace, recently from Maysville, Ky., who had been employed as a smith in a cotton factory at that place, shot himself last night. The cause appears to have been the conduct of his wife, who had left him and refused to accompany him to Maysville.

The Governor of Maryland has issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, the 15th of this month, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer in that state.

The Convention Bill passed the Legislature of South Carolina, with the following vote:—Senate, Ayes 31. Noes 13. House of Representatives, Ayes 97, Noes 24.

A person was prosecuted before Justice Soley, of Charleston, for stealing a newspaper a few days since, and fined.

A gentleman paid his addresses to a termagant widow at Bath: and it being remarked that he had killed a man in a duel, another person immediately replied—"the match will be equal, for the lady *has killed her man*."

Mrs. Chapone was asked the reason why she always comes so early to church. "Because," said she, "it is a part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."

"Have you 'White Lies,' sir?" asked a lady, of the city librarian; "No, Miss," replied the bookman, (taking down Mrs. Trollope's Journal,) "but here's a volume of the first rate black ones."

The gross receipts of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail-Road Company the last year were $136,937 70. The net profit $61,235 27.

Jesse Hunt, Esq. has been elected Mayor of Baltimore for the ensuing two years.

Thirteen hundred and six shares of the United States Bank Stock, were sold at New York on Monday, at 117 a 117¾

The Union Party of the parishes of St. Philip and St. Michael, South Carolina, have concluded to run no ticket for members of the State Convention called by the Nullifiers, with the object of nullifying a law of the United States. They have, therefore, abandoned the contest, and South Carolina will nullify in State Convention almost unanimously.

Technicals.—The Editor of the Norristown Herald received a slice of wedding cake the other day from a brother scribe, and made this remark when acknowledging the compliment—"The cake was excellent, but the hands of our office say it "*distributed terrible bad*," for want of "*scatting*."

The Mechanics Bank at Alexandria, D. C., has stopped payment.

Orders have been issued by the Secretary of the Navy, to the Commanders of our different squadrons, to use every means for the capture of the pirate who recently plundered the Mexican, of Salem. One of the seamen of the M., by this request, has been sent to Norfolk, to be employed on board of the first vessel that can be dispatched.

A fire broke out in Savannah on the morning of the 25th ult., in a stable and kitchen, standing on Rivington street lane, in the rear of Mr. Willink's dwelling, which fronts on State street, which destroyed both buildings, without doing further injury. It was thought to be the act of an incendiary.

Extract of a letter from Cincinnati to a gentleman in this city:—"We have suffered very much here with the Cholera. The deaths by Cholera during this month to the present time are but little short of 400. It is now considered on the decline. Deaths yesterday 13; highest number in a day 42. Business entirely suspended.

A friend says the only healthy corset for a lady's waist is a husband's arms.

The petition of Thomas J. Wansley, a convict under sentence of death for murder, praying for a commutation of punishment, was taken up in the Rhode Island Legislature on the 1st ult., when Mr. Whipple, of Providence, proposed fixing his punishment at five years imprisonment; after some debate, the House voted to fix his punishment at imprisonment for life.

Died, in Gardiner, Maine, Mr. Thomas Farr, aged 98. He was a soldier in the "old French war," and assisted in the capture of Quebec by Wolf.

Another incendiary attempt has been made to set fire to the ill-fated city of Raleigh, in North Carolina. The attempt was made within a hundred yards of the place where the preceding one occurred, but was fortunately discovered in time to arrest its progress. Active measures ought to be taken there, at once, to stop such nefarious designs.

Joseph C. Hornblower, Esq. of Essex, has been appointed Chief Justice of the state of New Jersey, and William Grant, Esq. of Trenton, State Treasurer.

The poem of the Hon. J. Adams, entitled Dermot Mac Morrogh, or the Conquest of Ireland, was to be published at Boston on the 3d inst. It is an octavo of 108 pages.

The London papers contain a representation and description of Ogle & Summer's steam carriage for running on common roads. Its average running up hill, down hill, and over plains, was twelve miles per hour. It is confidentially asserted, that the carriages will be generally used upon the roads and turnpikes, as they are found perfectly manageable in all the varieties of hills and valleys.

Clear Evidence.—Counsel—What kind of stockings were they which were stolen?—Witness—Why, Sir, thirty-twos, thirty-eights, forties and other kinds. Counsel, What do you mean by thirty-twos?—Witness—Thirty-twos is thirty-two, Sir.—Counsel—So I suppose, but what is thirty-two?—Witness—I told you what it was: a thirty-two's a two and thirty!

We learn that Mr. Swift, late a member of the House of Representatives from Vermont, has been elected to the U. S. Senate, by the legislature of that State, in the place of Mr. Seymour, whose term of service expires on the 4th of March next.

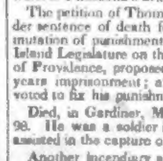
A friend has sent us the following extract from a letter written at New Orleans on the 20th of last month: "The yellow fever is raging in a most violent degree, and we shall not get clear of it until the cold weather sets in, for which we have no prospect at present. The heat to-day is 86 degrees."

Malignant Cholera Cured!

THE specific for Diarrhœa and Cholera Morbus which has been sold for some years by Wm. Baker, Druggist, No. 16 North South Street, Philadelphia, sole agent for the proprietor, has been found a most certain remedy for the Malignant Cholera, when given on the first symptoms. It is particularly recommended, because the disease is so rapid in its progress, that it often becomes incurable before a physician can be obtained. Country merchants and druggists may find it advantageous to be supplied with the article. Retail price 25 cents per bottle. A liberal discount to wholesale purchasers. One bottle generally cures from four to six cases.

nov 10—tf

To the Ladies.



A handsome assortment of

WINTER MILLINERY,

received by the latest arrival from Havre—will be opened on Wednesday, Nov. 14th, at

JOHNSON'S

No. 13 N. Second Street, Philada.

nov 10—4t*

JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

THREE volumes of this popular Journal are now published, and may be obtained, neatly bound, at the publication office, No. 12 Hudson's Alley, and of booksellers generally.

Either of the volumes, put up in paper covers for transportation by mail may also be obtained. nov 1—tf

The Office of the Lehigh Coal

AND Navigation Company, is removed from No. 84 South Front Street, to No. 72 South Second Street, between Chesnut and Walnut. nov 27—

Information Wanted.

THE heirs or legal owners of lots numbered 10, 12, 13, 79, 80, 89, 90, 92, 100, 107, 108 and 1786 in first district donation lands in Pennsylvania, will hear of a purchaser by addressing (post paid) the subscriber. GEORGE T. STUCKERT,

nov 10—3* Germantown, Pennsylvania.

Two Cents Reward.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on the 13th of October, living in Brandywine township, Chester county, two apprentice boys to the paper manufacturing business, named *James Cook* and *Henry Lackey*. Whosoever takes up and conveys said boys and returns them to their master, shall receive the above reward, but no charges or one cent for either. L. BICKING.

nov 10—3*

Misses C. & S. Jahns,

RESPECTFULLY inform the Ladies of the city and vicinity of Philadelphia, and others, that they have just received

A FANCY MILLINERY,

At No. 92 North North street, and have now on hand, an extensive assortment of the latest

PARIS AND OTHER FASHIONS.

Also, Ladies' Travelling Bonnets, and Down Thibets, of all descriptions.

nov 10—4t

A Wet Nurse

WANTS A SITUATION nov 3*—tf

Singing School.

YOUNG Ladies and Gentlemen, who may wish to learn the rudiments of music, are informed that a school will be commenced on Wednesday evening next, the 14th inst. in the Session Room of the German Reformed Presbyterian Church, Race near Fourth street, (entrance to the room from Sterling Alley, back of the Church,) all who wish to learn are invited to attend on that evening, when terms, which are moderate, will be made known. nov 10—1t

Fine Wrapping Paper.

A FEW Reams of Double Medium outsides, of such paper as the U. S. Post is printed on. For sale at this office, 12 Hudson's Alley.

ALMANAC.

JUNE. NOVEMBER.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	High Water.	Moon's Phases.
10 Saturday,	7 1	4 59	3 59	
11 Sunday,	7 2	4 58	4 34	H. M. M.
12 Monday,	7 3	4 57	5 34	
13 Tuesday,	7 4	4 56	6 35	
14 Wednesday,	7 5	4 55	7 35	Full 8 3 29
15 Thursday,	7 6	4 54	8 30	Last 14 10 50
16 Friday,	7 7	4 53	9 42	New 22 4 16
17 Saturday,	7 8	4 52	10 32	First 30 7 57

Reform Meeting.—"The recent election having manifested the injustice of our present constitution in depriving many of our citizens of the rights of suffrage, the democratic citizens of the city and county of Philadelphia who are disposed promptly to redress the grievance, are invited to meet at A. IGLAHAN'S INN, Chesnut, below Sixth street, on MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 12th, at 7 o'clock, to organize a *Reform Association*, for the extension of the right of suffrage, and the abolition of all offices for life.

The First Hall of the Young Men's

Dancing Assembly will take place the 29th inst., at the Odd Fellows Hall. The book for subscription is now open at Mr. Corbin's, No. 179 South Fifth, opposite Powell street.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday evening, 4t ult. by the Rev. Phillip F. Mayer, Mr. Jacob Fritz, to Miss Eleanor Catherine Hester, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the evening of the 31st ult. by P. F. Mayer, D. D., Edward Florens Rivinus, M. D. to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of David Caldwell, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Manning Force, Mr. John Sharck, to Miss Catherine Fronefield, both of Montgomery county.

On the 28th ult. by Alderman Geyer, Mr. James Briscoe, to Miss Lydia E. Wentzlen.

On the 31st ult. at Friends' Meeting House, Cherry street, Dillwyn Parrish, to Elizabeth A. daughter of George

He knew what! what, and that's as high,
As metaphysic wit can fly!

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ENIGMA.

Would you make a food some that to all is most dear,
Take you the two-fifths of the twelfth of a year;
To this then annex a great general's name,
Who flourish'd in France during Bonaparte's fame;
Out of these you will have what keeps mankind in motion
And sends them to wander o'er earth and the ocean.

☞ A solution is requested—Florida.

SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.

The following is probably the most perfect specimen of Alliteration extant.—Whoever has at any time attempted to imbue an acrostic merely is aware of the embarrassment of being confined to particular initial letters. Here the whole alphabet is fathomed, and each word, in each line, claims its proper notice. It is worthy the indefatigable perseverance of another Dear Smith!

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavour, engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune—fighting furious fray.
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honors Heaven, how hardihood!
Infuriate—indiscriminate in ire,
Kinsmen kill kinsmen—kinsmen kindred kill!
Labor low levels loftiest longest lines— [mines
Men march 'mid mortals, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous
Now nasty, noxious numbers nought naught
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought;
Pour patrons, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly quarter, quarter quest;
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwing subdue such sanguinary sounds,
Truce to the Turkey—triumph to thy train!
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? wh refore welcome were
Xerxes, Xanenes, Xanthus, Xavier?
Yield! ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!
Zeno's, Zarpater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
And all attracting—against arms appeal

A facetious writer in the west, speaking of the superior attractions of a certain country, thus summarizes himself:

"My own opinion is, if there were a country where everything grew better than any other, though it were so sickly that the people had to breakfast, dine and sup, on calomel and jalap, and sleep with blisters on their backs every night in the year, it would be inhabited by the cotton planter."

ANTICIPATING QUESTIONS.—An industrious mechanic, having undertaken to repair the front of a store in a busy part of our village, and having become impatient with the frequent inquiries of the curious—not to say inquisitive—to save time and trouble, reduced the following answers to the most common interrogatories to writing, and placed the same in a conspicuous place.

"My name is Cross. I am cutting this window larger, and I am going to make the other like it—same size. I am doing it for pay—what do you think?"

Suffice it to say, it had the desired effect, with such as could read and understand "plain English."

A certain member of the Irish parliament, whose father had been a shoemaker, having, in the course of his speech, used some language which caused him to be called to order by Mr. Curran, the gentleman complained that Mr. C. *had broken the thread of his discourse.*" "Then, *wax it better* the next time," replied Curran.

THE CORK LEG.—A gentleman in Charleston conceived a very great liking to a young lady from Ireland, and was on the eve of popping the question, when he was told by a friend that his delicious had got a *cork leg*. It is difficult to imagine the distress of the young Carolinian: he was over head and ears in love with her, and would rather have parted with a dozen of the best negroes on his plantation, than give her up. He went to her father's house, knocked impatiently at the door, and when admitted to his fair one's presence, asked her if what he had heard respecting her was true. "Yes, indeed, my dear sir, it is true enough; but you have heard only the half of my misfortune; I have got *two* cork legs; having had the ill luck to be *born in Cork*." This is the incident on which is founded Hart's afterpiece called Perfection.

MILITIA.—During the embargo, a debate took place in the general assembly of Pennsylvania, upon the expediency of a new organization of the militia; during which, a member from one of the German counties, exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, me tink de militia may do mit de drums and vifes, mitout de organs."

PUN.—Two gentlemen were passing the late residence of Chief Justice Tilghman, the day after the workmen commenced pulling it down. One remarked, in reference to the progress they had made, "that they had *gutted* the building already!" "Gutted it," replied the other, "true, the *liner* went out yesterday, and they are taking out the *lights* to-day."

REPORT COURTEOUS.—At a recent oratorical display, a gentleman, a friend to reform, happened to use the word oligarchy, when a paid conservative rustic hawled out, "Vot is holla gorkey?" The speaker replied, "Who told you to holloa, gawkey?"

THE PATIENT SHOPKEEPER.—In days of yore, there lived in Chester, in the state of Pennsylvania, an old gentleman who kept a dry-goods store, and was remarkable for his imperturbable disposition, so much so that no one had ever seen him out of temper. This remarkable characteristic having become the subject conversation, one of his neighbors, who was somewhat of a wag, bet five dollars that *he* could succeed in ruffling the habitual placidity of the stoic. He accordingly proceeded to his store, and asked to see some cloths suitable for a coat. One piece was shown to him, and then another; a third and a fourth were handed from the shelves; *this* was too coarse, *the other* was too fine; one was of too dark a color, another too light; still, the old Diogenes continued placid as new-milk, and no sooner did his customer start an objection to any particular piece, than he was met by some other variety being laid before him, until the very last piece in the shop was unfolded to his view. The vender now lost all hope of pleasing his fastidious purchaser, when the latter, affecting to look at the uppermost piece with satisfaction, exclaimed, "Ah, my dear sir, you have hit it at last: *this* is the very thing; I will take a *cent's* worth of this pattern." at the same time laying the money plump upon the counter before him, to show that he was prompt pay. "You shall have it, my good friend," replied the merchant, with the utmost seriousness of speech and manners; and then, laying the cent on the surface of the cloth, and applying his ample scissors, he cut it fairly round to the size of the money, and wrapping it carefully up in paper, made a low bow, thanked him for his custom, and hoped that he would call at his store when he wanted any thing in his line again.

THE FIRST CIRCLE.—In the city of Philadelphia, there is a number of families who arrogate to themselves a species of conventional nobility, and denominate themselves the exclusives,* or *first circle*. For the most part, they are distinguished for nothing except their wealth, and many of them would blush deeply if they could discover the several callings of their respective ancestors, two generations back. They are great sticklers for etiquette, and have frequent occasions to put this in practice, at their periodical dancing assemblies. One night, there was unusual difficulty in settling the precedency of rank, so as to arrange the ladies in the dance. Some alleged that *their* families were the *richest*, some that theirs were the *oldest*, and not a few claimed kindred with the nobility of England, (a notion which is regularly indulged in the great cities of the United States, when there exists a similarity of names,) and insisted that *they* were entitled to the *first* places in the dance, according to the table of precedency established at the court of St. James, at London. Judge Peters being fortunately present, proposed a mode by which the question was soon set at rest, and the disputants silenced for the remainder of the night. "Send to the proper office at the State House," said he, "and find out which of your ancestors was *first transported* to the United States."

* It is said that a select party of females of a *certain character*, who frequent the pit of the Chestnut street theatre, arrogate to themselves the denomination of *The Exclusives*.

From the New York Constellation.

SOLID CHARMS.

What hinder ayth and trickling tear
Longs for a thousand pounds a year.—Evelyn.

"Upon my soul," exclaimed Ned Grumpton, as he knelt before the Widow Wimple, "I love the very ground you stand upon."

This was in fact no exaggeration—no flattery. It was literally true, for she happened to be standing on her own ground, which was part and parcel of a very valuable farm. The widow was pretty old, and prodigious homely. Ned was young and well looking. The widow was rich, and Ned was poor. He therefore spoke the truth, when he professed an affection for the widow's land—which is more than every lover feels himself bound to do.

"I love the very ground you stand upon," said he, seizing her hand and kissing it with great zeal.

"I dare say it's my *ground* you love," said the widow, fleering kindly upon him, and graciously permitting him to devour her wrinkled hand.

"I swear by—"

"Tut! tut!" said the widow pressing her hand upon his mouth, "you mustn't swear."

"By your bright eyes, I was going to say."

"Oh, you flattering rogue!" exclaimed the old lady, looking still more kindly upon the ardent lover—"you don't mean what you say, I know you don't."

"Do you want me to swear it again? By heavens, madam, you have forty thousand charms."

"Ah! now you're thinking of dollars all the time. That's the way with you men; when you talk of our charms, you think only of our money, our houses, lands, goods, and chattels."

Though the widow said this, and believed it was true in general; yet in regard to her-self, she took all her young lover said, to be the sincere truth, and no flattery. What she asserted with her tongue, therefore, she contradicted with her eyes.

"You men," continued she, "are all deceivers. You praise the charms of us poor weak women—"

"But yours, madam," said the lover vehemently, "are real solid charms."

"What can be more solid," returned the widow, "than this ground you love so well, or the forty thousand charms you spoke of? Ah! Mr. Grumpton, I doubt you're after all but a gay deceiver."

"Deceive! I declare upon my soul, Mrs. Wimple, I love you sincerely. Your attractions are ineffable."

Thus did Ned Grumpton make love to the widow—not by halves, but like a man who is determined to accomplish his object. The widow was not proof against such vigorous and well directed efforts. She permitted herself to be led, nothing loth, to the altar of Hymen. But mark the sequel.

What the old lady affected to believe the object of her lover's affections, she soon found to be so in reality. Her loving husband contrived the first night after their marriage, to kick her out of bed. He declared, indeed, it was all an accident. He raised her from the floor, rubbed her poor old joints with spirits of camphor, and professed the deepest regret for having, though involuntarily, caused her a moment's pain; but he was apt, he said, to be very restless of nights, and he could not answer for his unquiet demeanor, especially in his dreams.

He helped the old lady into bed again. But in a short time he was troubled with the same restless dreams, which were followed by the same disastrous result to the good woman as before. He helped her up a second time, attended to her bruises, and did all he could by kind professions and tender apologies, to sooth and comfort her; but as he was unfortunately, for both their sakes, of so restless a turn, and was likely to prove so uncomfortable a sleeping partner, he modestly suggested to his affectionate wife, whether it would not be better on the whole that they should thereafter sleep apart.

After the specimens she had just had, and was likely to have, Mrs. Grumpton did not object; and separate beds were provided. But the husband began to throw off the mask too early. His wife had not yet invested him with the fee-simple of those "solid charms" which he so fondly aimed at; and now that the cloven foot began to appear, she resolved that he should enjoy them as little as possible during her life, and have neither part nor lot in them after her death.

When he fell in love with the charms aforesaid, he had calculated that the king of terrors would shortly rid him of the incumbrance of the widow; and that he should be left to the free enjoyment of the wealth he coveted. But death was not so accommodating. Finding his approach too slow, he would willingly have hastened his lagging steps; and among other modes of doing so, he purchased a wild young horse, for the old lady to drive in her gig, that so, peradventure, she might upset, and get her neck broke! But the old lady refused to drive the colt; and so the benevolent design of her husband was frustrated.

She was very much troubled with a cough, for which she was in the habit of taking paregoric. Her husband thought it was a great pity her complaint should not be thoroughly cured, instead of being merely palliated; and he therefore procured some paregoric to be made of the strength of laudanum.

"My dear," said he, as he brought it home, "I have here some of the newly invented paregoric; I think you will find it very serviceable to your cough."

"You give yourself too much trouble, my love," said the old lady; "you are quite too solicitous about my health. For my part, I am very well satisfied with the old kind of paregoric."

She refused to touch the improved medicine; so the benevolent intentions of her husband were again frustrated. In short, Mrs. Grumpton, some how or other, contrived to upset all the plans of her dear spouse, for hastening her out of the world; and declared that she would not die to please him. He had taken her for better or for worse; and of the latter part, he should at least have his full measure. She lived to be nearly a hundred years old; and when she died, repaid the sincerity and affection of her husband by bequeathing all her property to found a hospital for lunatics.

Poor Ned Grumpton—his jaw fell six inches, as the will was read to him; he indignantly dried his widowed tears, tore off his mourning weeds, and swore that the next time he married an old woman for her money, he hoped the devil would fly away with him.

AN OLD PROVERB.—Some of our most common sayings may have had an origin very interesting, at an age very remote. Of this class I will venture to reckon the following. *There is many a slip between the cup and the lip.* This proverb can be traced back more than three thousand years, when, it appears to have been used in the following case. A certain man named Anaceus, was once told by a servant whom he pressed with hard labor in his vineyard, that he never would taste of the produce of his vines. He had already the cub in his hands, and called the prophet to convince him of his falsehood; when the servant yet firm in his prediction, uttered this well known proverb: *'There is many a slip between the cup and the lip.'* At that very moment Anaceus was told that a wild boar had entered his vineyard, upon which he threw down the cup and ran to drive away the beast, and was killed in the attempt.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.—Goethe was for some time manager of an amateur theatre at Wiemar. Once, when the Jealous Husband was to be performed, the gentleman who was to act the lover was suddenly taken ill. A Saxon captain good naturedly offered to undertake the part, although he confessed he had but little experience in such matters. He went through the rehearsals very decently, and there was little doubt but that, with the help of a good prompter, all would go on well. But when the poor captain actually appeared before the audience, he seemed to lose all memory; still he contrived to halt on till the jealous husband was to rush in and stab him. At this unlucky moment he forgot the catch word, and continued humming for several minutes, while the furious husband was standing between the side scenes with the uplifted dagger ready to strike. The captain was about to begin his part afresh, catchword and all, when, on the advice of Goethe, the husband rushed in, and by one desperate lunge, thought to silence him—Not so—the captain stood like a wall. It was to no purpose that his adversary entreated him, in a low voice, to fall and die. "I have not got the catch word," was the invariable reply. At length Goethe, quite out of patience, called from behind the scene, "stab him in the back if he won't fall—we must get rid of him at all events." Upon this, the husband who had also lost all presence of mind, cried, with a voice of thunder, "Die, villain!" and gave him, at the same time such a blow in the side, that the captain, unprepared for this attack in his flank, actually fell down from the shock; upon which Goethe, fearing his resuscitation, instantly sent in four stout servants with orders to carry him off, dead or alive by main force.

BEHAVIOUR BEFORE FOLK.

By Alex. Rodger.

Five or six years ago, a lively piece, commencing "Behave yourself before folk," was published by a Scottish poet, and received a good deal of praise. Some of our readers may have met with it, though not in the Attic which was not then in existence and they at least, and we presume others, will be pleased with the following rejoinder.

Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When, wife o'my, your slee by self,
Gars me gang gyte before folk?

In a' ye do, in a' ye see,
Ye've nae a pawkie, evening way,
That me your wife to lend astray,
An' ding me daft before folk!
Can I behave, &c.
Can I behave, &c.
While ye constant, can I forbear
To kiss you, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpled cheek,
White love 'mong sunny smiles might beek,
Yet, lowlet-like, my e'elute steek,
An' glum as light, before folk?
Can I behave, &c.
Can I behave, &c.
When ilka smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me—before folk!

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
Sweet, plump, an' ripe, nae tempes me to't,
That I mean greet, tho' I should rue't,
Ay, sweary time's—before folk!
Can I behave, &c.
Can I behave, &c.
Wha sa tempingly it offers me
Sae rich a treat—before folk!

That gowden hair sae sunny bright;
That shapely neck o' snawy white;
That tongue, ever when it tries to flyte,
Provokes me till't before folk!
Can I behave, &c.
Can I behave, &c.
When ilka charm, young, fresh, an' warm,
Cries, "kiss me now"—before folk!

An' oh that mawkie, rovin' ee,
So roguishly it blinks on me,
I canna, for my saul, be be,
Frae kissing you before folk!
Can I behave, &c.
Can I behave, &c.
When ilka glint conveys a hint
To tak a smack—before folk!

Ye own, that were we baith alane,
Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane;
Weel, gin there be no ane in't then,
Wnat harm is in't before folk?
Can I behave, &c.
Can I behave, &c.
Sly hypocrite! ne mair to write
Could ae see dreist—before folk!

Put after a' that has been said,
Since ye are willing to be wed,
We'll hae a "blythsome bridal" made
When ye'll be nane before folk!
Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
Then I'll behave before folk,
For wherefore then, ye'll ait get "ben"
It winna be before folk! *Wastle-binkie.*

From Lord Dover's life of Frederick the Great.

In the second war of Silesia, when, on a certain occasion, the army had marched all night, and that it was necessary for them to set forward again in the morning in the midst of a snow storm, Frederick perceived that they were out of humour, and disposed to complain. He, therefore, descended from his horse, and began marching in the snow at their head; then, after a few moments of silence, he turned round to them and said, "Come, my friends, let us march. If we were a parcel of cowards, we should now be in our bed-gowns in a warm room; but we are soldiers; so come on." Upon hearing this appeal, the soldiers proceeded cheerfully. It was, indeed, his constant habit, whenever the march was a difficult one, to place himself at the head of the infantry, and to march on foot, in order to encourage them.

On the evening of the day of the successful combat at Borkersdorf, during the seven year's war, Frederick was riding, accompanied by the Russian general Czernichief, when they met a wounded soldier. "What is the matter?" said the king. "Nothing," replied the soldier; "for the enemies fly, and we are conquerors." But the king, then perceiving he was wounded, gave him his handkerchief, saying at the same time, "You are wounded, my friend, take this handkerchief, and bind up your wound with it."—Upon this Czernichief remarked, "Sire, it is not wonderful that your soldiers should serve you with such devotion, since you treat them with so much kindness."

One evening after a little battle, Frederick approached a fire, which had been lighted by some of the grenadiers of his own regiment. The soldiers began to ask him where he had been during the battle; "generally," said they, "you lead us yourself where the fire is hottest; but this time nobody saw you, and it is not right to abandon us so." The king, in a good humored manner, explained to them in what part of the field he had been, and his reason for being there, which had prevented him from being at the head of his own regiment. As he began to grow warm, he unbuttoned his great-coat, and a ball dropped out, which he had received in his clothes. The hole the ball had made in the great-coat and coat was also perceptible. Upon this, the enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds. They cried out, with all the tenderness of expression belonging in the German tongue to the singular pronoun, "you are our own good old Fritz; you share in all our dangers with us; we will all die for you!" And the conversation concluded with their cheers, and their entreaties to the king to take more care of his own safety.

Thiebault relates that he had seen at Berlin, the suit of clothes worn by Frederick towards the end of the seven year's war; and that the coat and the hat were pierced with balls in several places. Le Catt, the secretary of Frederick during the latter years of his life, had also in his possession a little gold box, which had been flattened by a ball, when in the king's breeches-pocket, at the battle of Zorndorf, and had thus saved him from a dangerous wound in the thigh.

The cool and determined courage of Frederick on a day of battle has, indeed, never been called in question, in spite of his unfavourable commencement at the battle of Mollwitz. Many anecdotes are told in proof of his great bravery, with regard to his own person; some of which belong to the relation of particular battles.—Among those which are not so appropriated, there is one which deserves relation from the authenticity of its source, as it was related by General Miller, to whom it happened. Miller, being then an aid-de-camp to one of the Prussian generals, was sent during the battle, with orders from one part of the field to another. As he was galloping along, he met an officer, who stopped him, and whom he then recognized to be the king. Frederick began asking him questions, when a shell fell between their two horses. Frederick continued his conversation in the coolest manner, regarding the shell attentively with his glass, and not attending to the impatience of Miller to avoid its probable effects. At length it exploded, but, fortunately, without hurting either of them; and the king having obtained the information he wanted, allowed Miller to proceed.

SUBLIMITY.—I have often reflected on the brief, simple, unostentatious account given in the Bible of the creation of man, and have as often wondered that critics, from Longinus down, have manifested such an undue partiality to the phrase—"Let there be light, and there was light," when there are others equally sublime to be met with constantly in Scripture. This single passage,—"Man became a living soul"—seems to me as well calculated to call up ideas truly sublime as any other known. It requires, in fact, a much greater power of conception to grasp it in its immensity, and to follow it out into all its grand combinations. The very circumstance of a soul, a soul that thinks, wills and animates worlds, a soul that wanders unfettered through heaven, earth, and hell, and holds converse with angels, men and devils,—of a soul being called into existence by a breath, is of itself, independent of all association, one of the sublimest of ideas. But when, with the pure abstraction, we combine all the connecting circumstances, the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters, the gradual development of the once inert matter, the systematic application of dust to dust, the growing symmetry, and the beautiful form breathing in its perfection beneath His handy work, conception fails us, and we gaze toward the horizon that limits our view, with intense, but bewildered admiration.—*Detroit Courier.*

POLITICS.—Uncle Jo cared no more about politics than he did for the fifth wheel of a coach, but as far as he did meddle, he conceived it *polite* to be all things to all men. He lived in high party times, the line of demarcation was marked between federalists and democrats. As each party claimed him, when he showed himself at the polls each supplied him with votes. "Take a vote Uncle Jo?" said a democrat. "Yes," and away it went into his ample vest pouch. "Have one of our tickets?" said a federalist. "Yes," and it went to the same pocket. Thus with his pocket full, he went to the ballot box, and deposited the one he happened to draw, without looking at it. Returning, if he met another vote distributor, "Have a vote Uncle Jo?" was again asked; "No, I have voted." "You did not vote against us I hope?" "If I did, I didn't know it." As Uncle Jo was accounted capable of knowing the difference between a democratic and federal ticket, this answer would quit the questioner, belong to what party he might. [Lowell Compend.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

BETHPAGE.—This village was near the summit of the Mount of Olives, on the descent, upon the eastern side, about one mile and a half, from the temple. A large number of Priests resided in this place. It was very remarkable for the growth of immense quantities of figs and other fruits, hence the name Bethpage, from *phagol*, green figs.

BETHANY.—This is situated, on the east side, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, about two miles north-east of the temple. The tract of ground that bore this name, reached almost to the top of the Mount, then commenced *Pethpage*. Martha, Mary, and Lazarus lived here, and at this place, Mary poured the precious ointment on Jesus' head. Here Lazarus was raised from the dead, whose mansion-house is still shown to travellers. His Sepulchre is near the house, which the Turks hold in great veneration, and use it for a place of prayer. You descend 25 steps and come to a small square room, and then creep into *another*, in which the body was laid. About 8 rods distant, is the house in which Mary Magdalene lived, and at the foot of the hill is the fountain of the Apostles, so called, from the circumstance of their usually calling there, to refresh, between Jerico, and Jerusalem. The spot is now shown, on which Jesus stood, at the time he blessed the apostles, and ascended, on which was once a church, but now an octagonal cupola, 24 feet in diameter.

THE MOUNTAIN.—This was the Mount of Olives, lying to the north-east of the temple, about ½ mile to the summit. It extends north and south, nearly 2 miles, from which was a very commanding prospect of the Temple and City. Here our Saviour stood and wept, over Jerusalem, and delivered the prediction relative to its destruction. Groves of Olive trees still remain on this Mount. It was separated from the city by the brook Kidron, and the valley of Jehoshaphat. On this Mount, Solomon built temples to the god of the Amonites, hence it is called the Mount of corruption. It had three summits. Solomon built his temples on the *south* one; our Saviour ascended from the middle one; the northern one is called Gallilee. As you ascend this mount, you pass many Sepulchres cut with intricate windings into the rocks, called Sepulchres of the Prophets, and vaults built in memory of the Apostles. On this ascent, the Lord's prayer was dictated. All these things are still shown. The grove of Olives in this garden is called the valley of fullness, or silvan dormitory.

GETHSEMANE.—This was a village on the west side of the Mount of Olives. Toward the bottom was a garden or grove, on a level plot of ground about 15 rods square, lying between the foot of Mount Olivet and the brook Kidron to which our Saviour often repaired in the evening. This is now covered with Olive trees, some of which are supposed to be the same then standing. In the corner of this garden, is a flat rock, said to be the spot where Peter, James and John fell asleep during the agony of our Lord. At a small distance in the place where our Saviour underwent that bitter part of his passion. Only eight paces distant is said to be the path in which Judas approached his Lord and said, "Hail, Master." This narrow path is separated by a wall, from the rest of the Garden, as an *accursed* piece of ground.

POTTER'S FIELD.—This place lies south of the city called *Aceldama*, the field of blood; being purchased with the 30 pieces of silver which were given to Judas Iscariot as the price of the blood spilled dollars that was b having brought the money into the Temple and thrown it down in the porch of the Sanctuary, or holy place, the priests thought it unlawful to put it into the Treasury for holy purposes, and therefore bought a potter's field, as a burying ground for strangers. It is shown at this day. It is a small place not more than 100 feet long and half as wide, covered with an arched roof. For it is an extensive vault into which the corpses are let down. It was called the potter's field because *here* clay was dug to make earthen ware; and the *fuller's* field, because it was once occupied as a place where a Fuller hung his cloth, and bleaching was done.

MANUAL LABOR SCHOOLS,
OR, LYCEUM SEMINARIES.

Numerous *experiments* warrant the assertion, that it is possible to provide accommodations which will enable youth, especially lads over ten years of age to *support and educate themselves*. Some may suppose that this assertion is bold or perhaps unfounded. But no one will deny, that if it is founded in truth, it involves a principle capable of the most benevolent and sublime results, upon our country and the world. It furnishes a philosopher's stone, which if it cannot change all material substances into gold, may change all moral intelligences, and raise them to the place which their Creator designed for them. It may dispel that thick cloud of ignorance which envelops our earth, with only here and there a ray of the light of science capable of piercing it.

It has been asserted by many, and by those too who have *facts* as the ground of their opinion, that with the best accommodations for productive industry, a youth may earn a support, by laboring six hours in a day, leaving the same time for mental exercise. But suppose ten hours a day necessary for him to earn a support, two hours would still remain, which might be devoted to rational improvement. And two hours of vigorous and well directed mental effort, every day for ten years, and that in connection with a course of exercises calculated to give him physical strength and skill, as well as a support, could hardly fail of placing a young man at the age of twenty, at an elevation of character seldom arrived at under the discipline pursued by our existing literary institutions. Intellectual and moral attainments acquired by youth under such a course of discipline, would grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength, and give him a character, dignity and influence. It would throw over him a garment to day, which would not be liable to fall from him to-morrow. It would not only at an early age, give character, respect, and ability, and usefulness, but it would give intellectual and moral taste to the disposition; and the power to raise higher, and still higher.

But as charity, effort and improvement must begin at home, it may be proper to confine this principle—this power of *self education and support*, to our country. Suppose it possible to establish as institution or institutions, provided with such accommodations for productive industry and mental improvement as will enable any youth in the strictest sense of the word, to *educate himself*. Where is there a mind which can think, a heart which can feel, or a hand which can move—where is there a parent, a statesman, a patriot, a philanthropist, who would not promptly and cheerfully devote his first and best energies to such a high and holy object? If every citizen of our country, nay, every member of our race, when once supplied with instruments, is invested with power to use them to procure for himself a character, higher and firmer than the hills, why should so many thousands be squandered upon a few, to give them a character perhaps not worth possessing, or as evanescent as the vapor of morning, while the many are left to become degraded by ignorance or vice, fit and liable to become the tools of aspiring demagogues, or the victims of knaves or heartless oppressors? To what object can every *poor man* more wisely devote a portion of his hard earned pittance, than to carry intelligence, respectability, influence, and usefulness, and with them comfort, competence, and independence, to every poor man's door?

Perhaps the occasion does not demand, certainly time does not permit, a long appeal even to generous and benevolent principles, in behalf of a cause which every thing that regards our country's welfare recommends, in language which cannot be misunderstood, and commands with a voice which cannot be disobeyed. A brief sketch of a plan for applying this power of self education, of putting into operation an institution which shall afford to the rich and the poor equal advantages for a good education, will therefore be given. The accommodations, then, necessary for the establishment of an institution of the kind proposed, are

1. A tract of land, with a naturally fertile soil, in a good state of cultivation, and fitted for a variety of plants and different kinds of husbandry.

2. Water power sufficient to move a moderate quantity of machinery.

3. Buildings fitted for dwellings, studies, and lecture rooms.

4. Farm houses and workshops, sufficient for all the agricultural and mechanical operations in which it might be necessary for pupils to engage.

5. Apparatus, collections in natural history, and books for scientific and literary exercises.

6. A supply of appropriate implements for agricultural and horticultural exercises.

7. Tools for mechanical operations in all the arts capable of being conducted in such an institution.

8. Animals necessary to stock the farm and conduct the agricultural and domestic operations.

9. An able mathematician and thorough teacher in the exact sciences, and in drawing.

10. A naturalist, and practical and agricultural chemist and geologist.

11. A teacher of the English language, elocution, and other English branches.

12. A practical farmer and gardener.

13. A practical and scientific mechanic.

The accommodations above specified might probably be procured for thirty thousand dollars; and when procured, might convert the industry of the pupils into an exhaustless fund for their education and support, as long as there should be children to be educated or supported.

HOT BATH IN CHOLERA.—On the night of Tuesday, a miner, named Josiah Thomas, was attacked with cholera at the 179 fathoms level of the Consolidated Mines. He was immediately brought to the surface, and immersed up to the neck, with his head covered with flannel, in the hot water cistern of Bowden's steam engine, the heat of the mineral being 112 degrees. After being kept there about a quarter of an hour, the cramp and pains completely left him, and all he complained of was weakness; he was then bound round the bowels with flannel, and was able to walk to his home, which is more than two miles from the mines. The man is now fast recovering, and is likely to resume his labors in a few days.—*Falmouth Packet.*

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

Be it Remembered, That on the twenty-eighth day of June, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, John Howarth, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit:

"Christ Rejected; or the trial of the eleven disciples of Jesus, on a charge of high treason, as charged with stealing the crucified body of Christ out of the sepulchre. Humbly dedicated to the whole nation of the Jews, which are scattered abroad on the face of the earth, and to the Christian churches of Jerusalem, Judea, and to universal Christians. An Original Work. Written by a believer in Christ, under the assumed name of Caiaphas Onesimus."

I have also spoken by the Prophets, and I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes, by the ministry of the Prophets."—Hosea 12. 10.

The right whereof he claims as proprietor, in conformity with an act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy-rights."

FRAS. HOPKINSON,
Clerk of the District.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

Be it Remembered, That on the twenty third day of July, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, S. S. MICELL CATKINSON, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit:

A Catechism of American Law. Adapted to popular Use.

The right whereof he claims as Proprietor: in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy-rights."

FRAS. HOPKINSON,
Clerk of the District.

DANCING SCHOOL.

MR. AUGUST has the honor to inform the inhabitants of Philadelphia, especially those of the Northern Liberties, that he has taken and fitted up the School Room, at the corner of Sixth street, where he has re-opened a School for the reception of persons who desire to learn to dance and waltz in a short time, in order to attend balls and parties the ensuing season.

Price per quarter.....$10
Private course of 16 lessons.....5
Payable half in advance; and scholars will have the advantage to attend their practising days at no extra charge. The first of which will take place on the 8th of November, and will continue every Thursday until May.

N. B.—Mr. A. has the pleasure to announce to his patrons and friends, that he will in a short time open his School in a grand Hall, which will be gratis for his pupils. Price for attending will be one dollar.

Further information and admittance tickets for the Grand Ball, apply as above. nov 3—tf

Removal.

JOSEPH E. McILHENNY, Dentist, and Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth, of the late firm of Van Pelt & McIlhenny, has removed from No. 101 Walnut, to No. 124 Arch street, second door above Sixth, south side.

DISSOLUTION.

The firm of Van Pelt & McIlhenny is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those indebted to the firm will please pay to either of the subscribers.

A. S. VAN PELT,
No. 101 Walnut Street.
JOSEPH E. McILHENNY,
No. 124 Arch st., 2d door above Sixth st. nov 3—tf

To Rent.

A FARM, situated on the Ridge Road, about 4 miles from the city, containing about twenty acres; there are on the premises a two story stone messuage, with kitchen and stable, advantageously situated for a dairy. For terms, apply at No. 132 South Wharves, above South street. oct 20—tf

New Trimming Store.

South East corner of Fifth and Spruce Sts.

SUPERIOR hard-twist Brass, Gilt and Steel assortment of Cap-a and Worsted edging and binding, Hemming's and Smith's Needles, head Needles, superior three cord black-glazed Thread sewing cotton, Crawford's quilting do., Lasting, pearl, gilt and bone Buttons, bone and wood Bodice sewers, three-eard silk for patent, assorted patent Thread, a handsome assortment of working Worsted, Carpet do. and darning yarn, Worsted and Cotton Braids, best C. P. Mamuz ribbon, &c. &c. for sale at the above store.

Also, Flannel Binding, and a quantity of fancy colour'd Bristle Cord, a new and fashionable article.

Orders left at the store will be duly executed at the shortest notice, from the country promptly attended to. L. H. WIGGINS.

oct 27, 1832.—tf

Families and Country Merchants
LOOK AT THIS.

A T 270 Market Street above Eighth.—Merino shawls and silks, Genoa velvets at half price.

Heavy black silk velvet, $1,37 1-2, such as sells at $2.50.
Superior black merino long shawls, all wool, $6, worth 14.
5-4, 6-4, 7-4 black, scarlet and white merino do.
8-4 black merino mantle shawls.....$4.50, worth 8.
10 pieces heavy black Gros de Naples.....37 1-2 cents.
13 do. first quality Gros de Swiss.....50 do.
6 do. blue and black Gros de Tur.....62 1-2 do.
10 do. 7-4 wide colored Gros de Swiss, only.....75 do.
50 do. Fourth do mourning chintz, new styles.....10 3-4 do.
50 do. do. Scarlet chintz, do. do. do.....10 do.
40 do. dark chocolate and other colored chintz, 12 1-2 cents.
Ladies' open-work'd silk hose, 37 1-2 cents.
Superior open work'd buckskin lace, by the piece, 9 cents.
Ladies' super chamois buckskin mitts, 37 1-2 cents.
75 dozen large needle-work'd capes, richly trimmed, 18 3-4, worth 50 cents. Ladies' superfine white bosom gloves.

☞ *Just received from New York,* ☜

1200 6-4 bik lace veils, work'd with Mohair, the handsomest in the city.
1200 7-4 & 8-4 bik lace veils, 175 ladies' superior made corsets.
100 pc colored rich work'd muslin for curtains, assorted colors, only 25 cents, worth 100.
Italian crapes of all colors, ladies' superior elastic top bodice glaves, 25 cents. 1 Carton, 125 new style real Thibet wool shawls.
2 do. 6-4 & 7-4 Thibet wool shawls.
A large assortment of Ladies' embroidered and plain silk stockings, 50 pc extra superfine bi-frost laces.
1 Carton extra wide fine bobbinet lace flounces; extra superior quality silk gloves, new style, only 37 1-2 cents.
At 1,50, 5 cases ladies' and misses' superfine Leghorn flats, for sale at one half the market prices, 2 cases ladies superfine coal Leghorn Dunstable bonnets, 2,50, worth 5,00.
On hand, a large assortment of dress goods, flannels, Irish linens, &c. &c. and a number of other kinds of goods, too tedious to enumerate.

☞ Country merchants wishing to purchase merino shawls, silks, or velvets, &c. will find it to their interest to call before they forge to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, and look at our shawls and velvets, as the subscriber wishes to close the sale of them, and they will be sold a real bargain. Call and examine for yourselves.

oct 27—tf

Catechism of American Law.

JUST published, the Catechism of American Law—adapted to popular use—a new and useful work to all persons in business, or those who wish to be acquainted with American Law, written in a pleasing style. For sale by

J. G. Auner, No. 233 Market street.
Hogan & Thompson, No. 153 Market street.
W. H. Morgan, 279 Market street.
Jno. Conrad, No. 7 South Seventh street.
Clark & Raser, Book store.
Office Saturday P. Post, 12 Hudson's Alley. sept 22—

Watches, Jewellery, & Silver WARE.

THE subscriber having removed from his old stand, No. 80, to his newly fitted up store, No. 202 Market street, south side, 3d door below Eighth street, where he has opened and offers for sale a fresh and elegant assortment of watches, gold and silver patent lever and plain watches, chains, seals, keys, breast pins, finger rings, ear rings, dirk studs, shoe buckles, tea pots, water pots, cream pitchers, slop bowls, cream pots, table spoons, tea spoons, nut crackers, salad forks, tea spoons, soup ladles, plated castors, cruzile stands, bread baskets, silver, plated and sheet metal for re-ad persons of all kinds, gold pencil cases, enamel locks, fancy fine gold pens of different patterns, and a variety of other fancy articles, which he will dispose of on reasonable terms.

N. B. Watches of all description, as usual, repaired and warranted.

WILLIAM BAILY.

may 12—6mos

Medicines, &c.

ENGLISH *Harrowgate Salts*, celebrated for the cure of Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Gout, Gravel, Rheumatism, Piles, and Liver Complaints. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Mexican Remedy for Tooth-Ache, which gives immediate relief, preserves the teeth, and sweetens the breath.—Price 50 cents per bottle.

Saratoga Salts, for making the Saratoga Water equal to that which is bottled. Price 37½ cents for a quantity sufficient for half a dozen bottles.

Paris Black Bronze, which has the effect of restoring the freshness of colour to black or blue clothing when it has become rusty or faded. Price 37½ cents

Sold at No. 32 ARCADE, Western Avenue.

Druggists and Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

oct 20—tf

Philadelphia Boarding & Day SCHOOL FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

The Rev. M. Spencer, a Church Triad gentleman, Master of Arts, and late principal of the Academy at Lexington, Kentucky